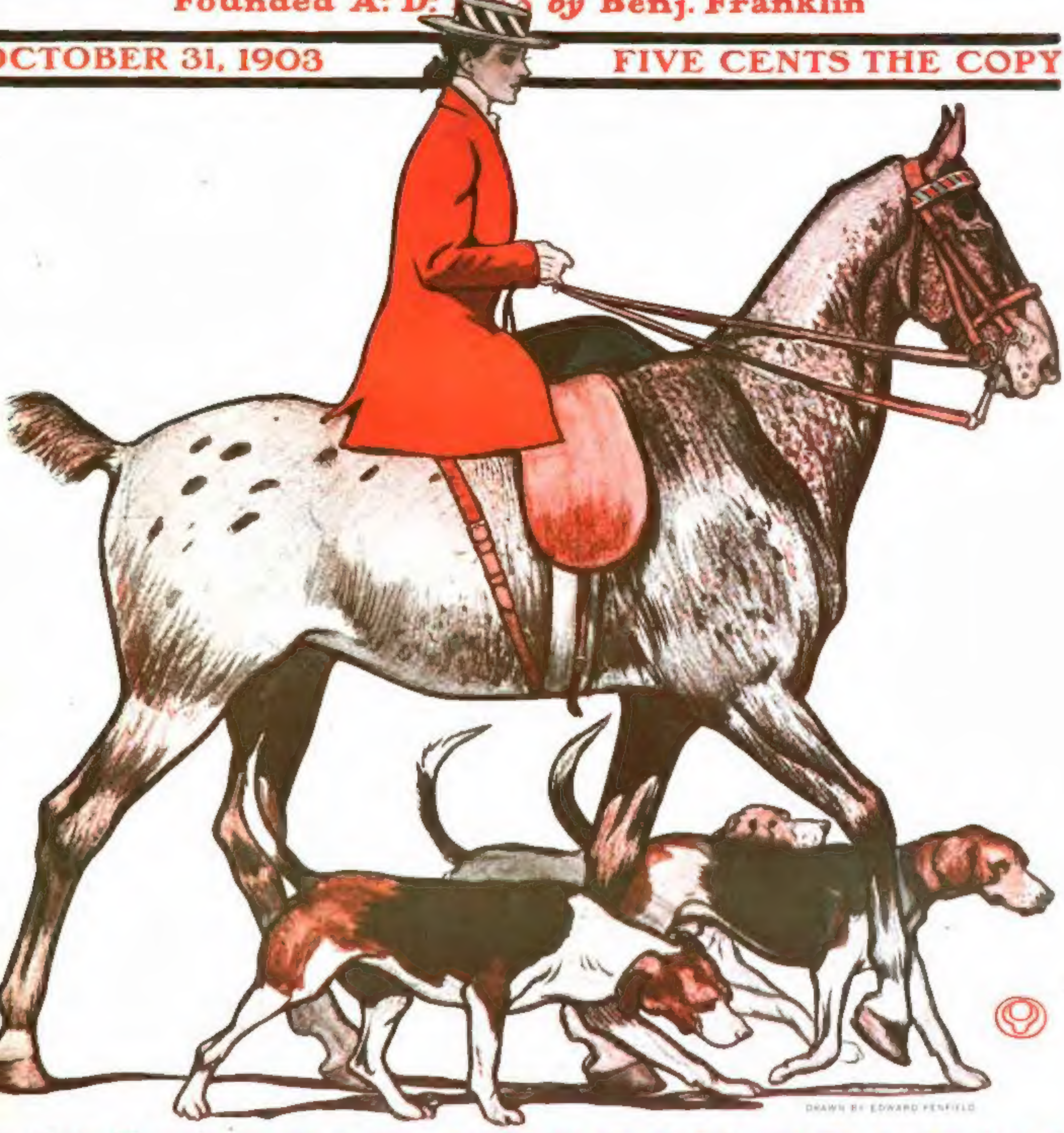
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 31, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

In this Number **OLD GORGON GRAHAM**

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THE SATURDAY

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OLD GORGO

By the A
Letters from
Merchant

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II—From John Graham, at the Schweitzerkäsehof, Carlsbad, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The head of the lard department has died suddenly, and Pierrepont has suggested to the old man that there is a silver lining in that cloud of sorrow.

CARLSBAD, October 20th, 189—

Dear Pierrepont: I've cabled the house that you will manage the lard department, or try to, until I get back; but beyond that I can't see. Four weeks doesn't give you much time to prove that you are the best man in the shop for the place, but it gives you enough to prove that you ain't. You've got plenty of rope. If you know how to use it you can throw your steer and brand it; if you don't, I suppose I won't find much more than a grease spot where the lard department was, when I get back. I'm hopeful, but I'm like the old deacon who thought that games of chance were sinful, and so only bet on sure things—and I'm not betting.

Naturally, when a young fellow steps up into a big position it breeds jealousy among those whom he's left behind and uneasiness among those whom he's pulled himself up among. Between them he's bound to be subjected to a lot of petty annoyances. But he's in the fix of a dog with fleas who's chasing a rabbit—if he stops to snap at the tickling on his tail he's going to lose his game dinner.

Even as temporary head of the lard department you're something of a pup, and where there's dog there's fleas. You've simply got to get used to them, and have sense enough to know that they're not eating you up when they're only nibbling a little at your hide. And you don't want to let any one see that a flea bite can worry you, either. A pup that's squirming and wriggling and nosing around the seat of the trouble whenever one of his little friends becomes active, gets kicked out into the cold, sad night in the end. But a wise dog lies before the fire with a droop in his ear and a dreamy look in his eyes until it gets to the point where he can't stand 'em any longer. Then he sneaks off under the dining-room table and rolls them out into the carpet.

There's two breeds of little things in business—those that you can't afford to miss and those that you can't afford to notice. The first are the details of your own work and those of the men under you. The second are the little tricks and traps that the envious set around you. A trick is always so low that a high-stepper can walk right over it.

When a fellow comes from the outside to an important position with a house he generally gets a breathing space while the old men spar around taking his measure. They give him the benefit of the doubt, and if he shows up strong and shifty on his feet they're apt to let him alone. But there isn't any doubt in your case; everybody's got you sized up, or thinks he has, and you'll get it worst right at the start, because those who've been over you will find it hard to accept you as an equal, and those who've been your

equals will be slow to regard
you've been Bill to a man,
you mister. He may do it
always Bill again when you'
Of course, everybody's goi
Prove it. Show that you're
when anything gets in your way
you've got a pull. Prove it—
they give you. Back away fr
stubborn as a mule to the fello
ready to bite if any one in fr
if any one behind edges up too
love, all right, but it's been n
lot of people in the world wh
stand that you're ready to hea
when you call them. They m
and courtesy for cowardice.
when a fellow of this breed
the exception is the thing th
your eye skinned for in busine
weather and the average of the
to remember that old Satan ma

THOUGHT THAT FUNE

EVENING POST

by Benj. Franklin

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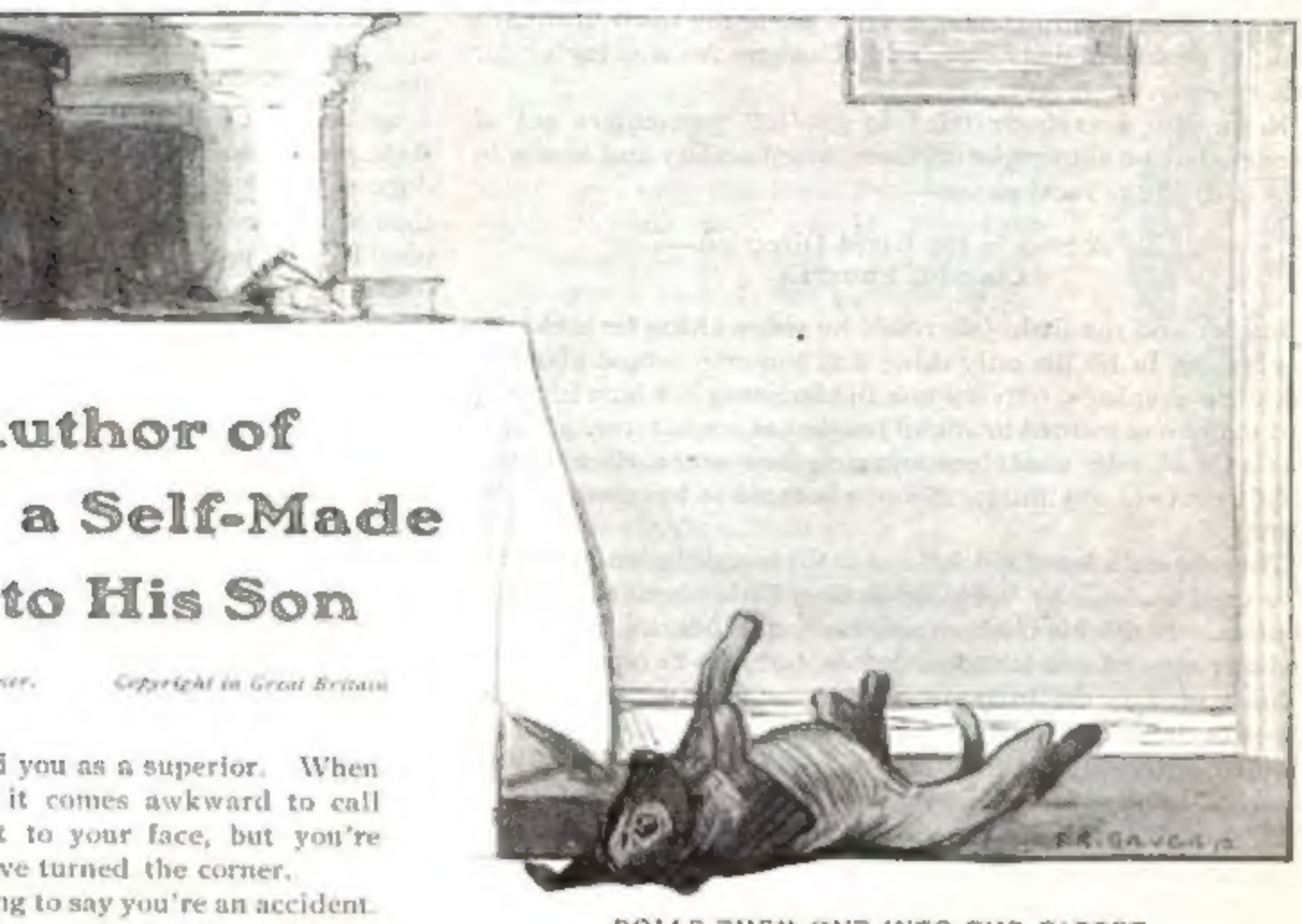
, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

OCTOBER 31, 1903 Number 18

ON GRAHAM



ROLLS THEM OUT INTO THE CARPET

uthor of a Self-Made to His Son

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d you as a superior. When it comes awkward to call t to your face, but you're ve turned the corner. ng to say you're an accident a regular head-on collision . They're going to say that by taking up all the slack that om controversy, but stand up w who's hunting trouble. He ont tries to crowd, and to kick close. I believe in ruling by ny experience that there are a om you've got to make under- ve a brick if they don't come istake kindness for weakness Of course, it's the exception an really hurt his boss, but at you always want to have ss. When it's good growing crop is ninety-five, you want y be down in Arizona cooking

RALS WERE TOO SAD

up a sizzler for the corn-belt; or that off Cuba-ways, where things get excited easy, something special in the line of tornadoes may be ghost-dancing and making ready to come North to bust you into bits, if it catches you too far away from the cyclone cellar. When a boy's face shines with soap, look behind his ears.

Up to this point you've been seeing business from the seat of the man who takes orders; now you're going to find out what sort of a snap the fellow who gives them has. You're not even exchanging one set of worries for another, because a good boss has to carry all his own and to share those of his men. He must see without spying; he must hear without sneaking; he must know without asking. It takes a pretty good guesser to be a boss.

The first banana skin which a lot of fellows step on when they're put over other men is a desire to be popular. Of course, it's a nice thing to be popular, but that's really a business in itself.

When a man spends time trying not to make enemies he hasn't any left to attend to business. You can't step out in any direction without treading on somebody's corns, but unless you keep moving, the fellow who's in a hurry to get somewhere is going to fetch up on your bunion. Some men are going to hate you because you're smooth, and others because you have a brutal way of telling the truth. You're going to repel some because they think you're cold, and others will cross the street when they see you coming because they think you slop over. One fellow won't like you because you've got curly hair, and another will size you up as a stiff because you're bald. Whatever line of conduct you adopt you're bound to make enemies, but so long as there's a choice, I want you to make yours by being straightforward and just. You'll have the satisfaction of knowing that every enemy you make by doing the square thing is a rascal at heart. Don't fear too much the enemy you make by saying No, nor trust too much the friend you make by saying Yes.

Speaking of being popular naturally calls to mind the case of a fellow from the North named Binder, who moved to our town when I was a boy, and allowed that he was going into the undertaking business. Absalom Magoffin, who had had all the post-mortem trade of the town for forty years, was a queer old cuss, and he had some mighty aggravating ways. Loved grief like a Mormon loves wives. Would go around wiping his eyes if he knew that you had a cold, and bust into tears if he heard you cough. Leaked so hard during a funeral that strangers always took him for the husband, if it was a woman, and that made the widower sore. Never wanted to talk anything but business. Would buttonhole you on the street, and allow that, while he wasn't a doctor, he had had to cover up a good many of the doctors' mistakes in his time, and he didn't just like your symptoms. Said your looks

reminded him of Bill Shorter, who went off sudden in the fifties, and was buried by the Masons with a brass band. Asked if you remembered Bill, and that peculiar pasty look about his skin. Naturally, this sort of thing didn't make Ab any too popular, and so Binder got a pretty warm welcome when he struck town.

He started right out by saying that he didn't see any good reason why an undertaker shouldn't be popular, and that he proposed to introduce some new kinks into the business that would please customers. Thought that funerals were too sad. Of course, he knew that it wasn't a time for quip and mirth exactly, but he thought that something ought to be done to make them snappier. Wouldn't tell just what he proposed to do, but said that all except one of us would find out just as soon as he got an order. He did hint, though, that for one thing, he could take an old tank that had been soaking in gasoline so long that he would catch fire before he could get half-way down to the hereafter, and start him off looking as fireproof as a prohibitionist. That made the town drunkard and the prohibitionists sore, and of course Ab was laying for him already.

Naturally, everybody tried to get full particulars out of Binder, but he shut right up there, hired a shop and began to advertise in the local paper—

A Step in the Right Direction—
Cheerful Funerals.

Binder and the little joker that he was waiting for a chance to play got to be the only thing that the men talked about in the store evenings. Every one in town was hot for a funeral, and every one wanted to attend it—but as a spectator. There was a lot of talk about encouraging new enterprises, but it didn't come to anything. No one seemed to have any public spirit.

There were a lot of old fellows in their eighties and nineties who used to drop by the store to lie a little about their rheumatism. Si Perkins, who was a red-hot Binderite, had never had any special use for them before, but now he began to take a heap of interest in their condition. Sort of pinned his hopes to them. Whenever one of them came in he used to inquire after his health, and when the old man would answer, "Po'ly, Si," his eyes would glisten and he'd say, "Yo' certainly are looking mighty feeble, uncle;" and go on to quote a lot of Scripture and the age of man is threesco ye the ground." Of course t simply wanted to be told how and one by one they became while Ab had his faults, thi round of Binder's friends was

Seemed as if we'd never ha one. Couldn't fetch a nigge man in town, Miser Dosher, December, and every one went that there was no hope, and the house. But in the end D on the town," as Si Perkin Bustard crowds took a crack a they didn't put enough heart shooting. Ham Hoskins did and that had to come off, but t

By this time the town was ab and anti-Binderites; most of strong, husky men were in drunkard, the prohibitionists, most of the women were in th done a thing except to smil though he was beginning to g used to go round and cheer hi bound to come his way in the it would come with a rush.

Then, all of a sudden, som dropped in from down New Or crowd had it inside a week an scared that they thought they attack and everybody got wel for Doc Hoover to bring sinn to come.

When it was all over Binde Leaked out little by little th yellow jack, the first thing he that she'd have Magoffin do th

You see, a fellow may think ily and the friends to carry on but when it gets right down t to wallow in wet, woozy grief

Sunday Clothe

The fences and the trees and things wear just the same old white.
They've worn it ever since it snowed so hard last Thursday night:
Old Mr. Sparrow, on the post, wears just the same old brown,
And even Mrs. Sparrow there, she hasn't changed her gown:
And Carlo and the cat's got on their reg'lar blacks and grays,
And every chicken in the yard is wearin' "every-days."
Sometimes I wish that I was them — it's wicked, too, I s'pose —
But mustn't it be nice to know you've got no Sunday clothes?

Here in the house it's lonesome-like and awful stiff and still,
With Ma and Sis a-rustlin' 'round all rigged up fit to kill,
And Pa dressed in his long-tailed coat and shoes all shinin' black,
And kind of steppin' every time as if he'd struck a tack.
And me all washed and fussed and primped, and clean, without a speck,
And with a mean old collar sawin' crossways at my neck.
'm so starched-up I feel as if I'd slept outdoors and froze;
can't lay down; I mustn't run; I'd spoil my Sunday clothes.

about "this is a vale of tears,
ore and ten, and why cumbereth
his made the old fellows, who
peart they looked, mighty sore,
anti-Binderites. Allowed that
s hanging round and hinting
getting to be plum scandalous.
d a healthier spring than that
r even. The most unpopular
came down with pneumonia in
around saying how sad it was
watching for Binder to start for
Dosher rallied and "went back
s put it. Then the Hoskins-
t each other one court day, but
in it, and it was mighty poor
get a few buckshot in his leg,
here were no complications.
out equally split up into Binder
the young people and good,
the first party, and the town
the old men and invalids, and
e second. And Binder hadn't
e and be jolly and advertise,
et sort of discouraged. But Si
n up by telling him that it was
end, and that when it did come

ething happened—yellow jack
leans way, and half the Binder
d the other half was so blamed
had it. Luckily it was a mild
l; but it made it mighty easy
ers under conviction for a year

r didn't have a friend in town.
at as soon as a Binderite got
lid was to make his wife swear
e planting.
it's all foolishness for the fam-
so at that trifling Bill's funeral.
the point he wants every one
at his own.

Si Perkins was the last one to get well, and the first time he was able to walk as far as the store he made a little speech. Wanted to know if we were going to let a Connecticut Yankee trifle with our holiest emotions. Thought he ought to be given a chance to play his blanked New England practical jokes in Hades. Allowed that it would hurt the reputation of the local paper as an advertising medium if Binder's ad. was allowed to run any longer without bringing returns, and suggested that the big locust in front of Binder's store made an ideal spot for a cheerful funeral. Of course Si wasn't exactly consistent in this, but, as he used to say, it's the consistent men who keep the devil busy, because no one's ever really consistent except in his cussedness. It's been my experience that consistency is simply a steel hoop around a small mind—it keeps it from expanding.

Well, Si hadn't more than finished before the whole crowd was off whooping down the street toward Binder's. As soon as they got in range of the house they began shooting at the windows and yelling for him to come out if he was a man, as there was going to be a cheerful funeral and no undertaker's bill to pay. But it appeared that Binder wasn't a man—leastways he didn't come out—and investigation showed that he was streaking it back for Connecticut, where there is some appreciation of inventive genius.

Three days later an old fellow a hundred and three years old, in whom Si, when he was a Binderite, had taken a really pathetic interest, went off sudden, and the whole county turned out to the funeral. Absalom Magoffin was in charge, and they say that after the services at the house there was a slight rise in the river, though I can't vouch for the truth of this.

I simply mention this little incident as an example of the fact that popularity is a mighty uncertain critter and a mighty unsafe one to hitch your wagon to. It'll eat all the oats you bring it, and then kick you as you're going out of the stall. It's been my experience that there are more cases of hate at first sight than of love at first sight, and that neither of them is of any special consequence. You tend strictly to your job of treating your men square, without slopping over, and when you get into trouble there'll be a little bunch to line up around you with their horns down to keep the wolves from cutting you out of the herd.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

es—By Joe Lincoln

Down at the church it's just the same, so sort of grand and sad:
The women and the grown-up girls are all the ones that's glad,
And when you see a boy you know, he's settin' up as prim
And hardly dares to wink at you, or you to wink at him:
And when Pa passes 'round the plate you hear those new shoes squeak,
And you can tell he's awful glad it's only once a week:
And all the folks that's settin' there in solemn, sober rows
Look jest as if they wore a sign, "We've got on Sunday clothes."

My Gran'ma says we dress up because it's Sabbath day,
And we must show respect to it by riggin' up that way:
She says the Lord knows dogs and hens, they bein' critters so,
Ain't got much sense or things to wear and He jest lets 'em go:
But when I see 'em racin' 'round, without a bit of pride
And happy, while us folks are fine, but miser-'ble inside,
I think, "If He knows how I feel—like Gran'-ma says He knows—
Perhaps He'd like me jest as much without my Sunday clothes."

MEN AND

REPRESENTATIVE EDWARD HAMILTON, of Michigan, went out for a walk in the country. The road was bad and the day was hot, and when he had gone a few miles he sat down on a fence to rest.

"Want a ride?" asked a teamster who came by.

"Yes, thank you," Hamilton replied. "I think I will take a lift."

Hamilton was thinking of a plan to get a bridge for the Paw Paw River and said nothing. Finally, the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," Hamilton replied.

The teamster seemed disappointed. He wanted further information. A few minutes later he said: "You ain't a lawyer or you'd be talking; you ain't a doctor or you'd have a satchel; you ain't a preacher because you cussed when you barked your shin getting into the wagon. Say, mister, what *is* your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," said Hamilton.

"Huh!" snorted the teamster. "Politics ain't no profession. Politics is a disorder."

Like the Good Injun

"MY DEAR Mr. Lacy," wrote a resident of Iowa to Representative Lacy of that State, "I wish you would send me some of the bound copies of eulogies of dead members of Congress. There's nothing I like to read so much as obituaries of Congressmen."

When Doctors Disagree

"THERE were two sisters living up in my State," said Senator Burrows, of Michigan, "who were fond of each other and all that, but who warred constantly about the two great schools of medicine. One pinned her faith to allopathy and the other to homœopathy.

"One day there was great excitement in the family of the lady who believed in homœopathy, and it was soon announced that she was the mother of bouncing twin boys.

"The other sister came down in a hurry. 'Well,' she said, 'now see what's happened. I wanted you to have an allopathic doctor. After this, I guess you will listen to me.'"

The Sage of Monticello

RICHARD CROKER, the boss of Tammany Hall, is considered, by those who do not know him well, to be a cold, silent, reserved man. His intimates know him to be as fond of a joke as anybody and not averse to cracking one himself.

Croker reveled in the Honorable Jefferson M. Levy, who was in Congress as a Tammany representative for a couple of terms. Levy is a rich man vastly proud of his estate, Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, which came to his hands from his uncle, the late Commodore Levy. Shortly after he began to live at Monticello, Levy went to London and had cards printed bearing this legend: "Jefferson Monticello Levy, Virginia."

Croker heard of the cards and as soon as Levy returned sent for him and said: "Mr. Levy, I understand one of the daily newspapers has one of those cards you were using in London and intends to print a picture of it."

"Well?" asked Levy, mystified.

"Well? Don't you see the connection. If they print that card, like as not you will be barred from Congress. You say you are from Virginia and you are elected to Congress from New York. You must get that card at all hazards. You must be cautious about it, too. If the newspaper people hear you want the card they will print it, of course. I like you and I will help you all I can, but I warn you it is a difficult and dangerous situation."

Levy rushed away, much frightened. During the rest of that campaign he held almost daily consultations with Mr. Croker as to ways and means for getting the card from the newspaper, and each morning fear and trembling and looked

Mr. Croker told a number of Club about the affair. They vo were hours of consultation ov paying the checks. Finally, t him one of the cards that Mr manner and demanded that he the men who had saved his seat liberally, and to this day think the superhuman efforts of Mr.

The Sorrows

EDWARD M. GROUT, the c acceptance of a Tammany nominated on an anti-Tamman tion, is a lover of big, strong,

Just after the conventions he sat down in the reading-roo waiter brought a full box of a n one, after critically examining back to read the newspapers.

The cigar suited him. He said: "I like this cigar. It would send a box of them arou

Half an hour later, when I an editorial article that likene waiter came back with a cigar

"There's two left, Mr. Grou

"Two what left?" asked G

"Two cigars, sir. I saw tha two left."

"Passed them to everybo "What in thunder are you tal

"Why, sir, you told me to and I took it around myself an your compliments. I knew thought you meant everybody Hope it's nothing wrong, sir.'

"No," said Grout slowly, but I told you to send a box a *this* house. What is the check

The check amounted to $12.

A Local

COLONEL HENRY HALL, ical observer, was out i McKinley campaigns.

While he was waiting for a with a farmer who was loungi Hall asked.

"Middlin'," the farmer rep

"Anything doing in this co

The farmer became intereste "we've got 'em beat this tim licked us by one vote last fall,

"Have some of the other si

"Changed?" said the farm in Indiana don't change their families moved in and they're airy one of our fellows sick."

The Fall

RICHARD MANSFIELD, th Georgie. The small son full well his father's powers of at all hours.

A day or two ago Mr. Manst the tales of fairies and elves an mythology. He placed him much circumstance and great the fall of Troy, reciting the in all the other frills of that famo

O WOMEN

he picked up that journal in
for the reproduction.
the members of the Democratic
lunteered to help Levy. There
er dinner-tables, Levy always
hey called Levy in and handed
. Croker had obtained in some
e should provide a banquet for
in Congress. Levy responded
s he was kept in Congress by
Croker and his friends.

of a Candidate

omptroller of New York, whose
indorsement after he had been
y ticket created such a sensa-
black cigars.
went to his club in Brooklyn,
n and ordered a cigar. The
ew brand. Mr. Grout selected
half a dozen, lighted it and sat

rang for the waiter again and
suits my taste. I wish you
and to my house."
Mr. Grout was in the middle of
d him to Benedict Arnold, the
-box in his hand.
t," he said.
rout.
t everybody got one and there's

ody?" exclaimed Mr. Grout.
king about?"
send a box around the house,
d gave cigars to everybody with
you were a candidate and I
in the club to smoke with you.
"

"I guess it's nothing wrong,
round to *my* house, not around
?"
so.

Industry

of Pittsburg, the veteran polit-
n Indiana during one of the

train at a junction he talked
ng there. "How's politics?"

lied.
unty?"
d. "Why, stranger," he said,
e. Got 'em skun. Say, they
but this time we've got 'em."
de changed?"
er contemptuously. "People
politics, but there's three new
all Republicans, and there ain't

of Troy

e actor, has a small son named
is now turned four and knows
narration. He demands stories

ield sought to get away from
d took the boy into the fields of
on his knee and related, with
declamatory effect, the tale of
cident of the wooden horse and
us siege.

When he had finished he looked at the small boy who had been listening, big-eyed. "Well, son?" said Mr. Mansfield.

"Hurrah for grandma!" he shouted.

"I am afraid I don't understand," said Mr. Mansfield. "Why do you hurrah for grandma?"

"Hurrah for grandma!" shouted the boy again. Then Mr. Mansfield called his wife into consultation and asked for an explanation, while the boy kept up his cheers for his grandmother.

After a long discussion it was remembered that the young man's grandmother lives in Troy, New York.

"I fear," said Mr. Mansfield as he left for the theatre, "that I must establish a mythological basis with Georgie before I take him into those fields again."

By Force of Habit

WHEN Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois, now a banker in New York, was Secretary of the Treasury, he took long walks for exercise. Mr. Gage is a big, broad-shouldered man, with the springy step of a boy of twenty.

He was with Assistant Secretary Milton E. Ailes on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington one day when they came to a wholesale grocery house.

A man was loading barrels of sugar on to a wagon. Mr. Gage stepped up, took a barrel of sugar and swung it up to the wagon as easily as if it had been a pound of crackers.

"I learned how to do that when I was a clerk in a grocery store," said Mr. Gage to the admiring and astonished Ailes, "and I have never forgotten how."

The Thrifty East Side

REPRESENTATIVE JACOB RUPPERT, of New York, goes to Congress from one of the most congested districts in the metropolis. Like every other member of the House he has a quota of garden seeds, but as there isn't a garden in his district as big as a tablecloth he usually trades them for public documents.

Last fall he thought the people who live in some of the tenements might want to plant the seeds in boxes on the window-sills and fire-escapes and he sent an assortment to the inhabitants of a model tenement just built by a friend of his.

A few weeks later he received a letter reading like this:

> *My dear Ruppert:* Please send no more seeds to the people who live in my model tenements.
>
> I went there to-day and I find they are all raising cabbages, cucumbers and tomatoes in the bathtubs.

A Disastrous Handshake

SENATOR S. B. ELKINS, of West Virginia, and Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, were in the House of Representatives together, Elkins as a delegate from New Mexico and Burrows as the representative of the Kalamazoo district.

Mr. Elkins was fighting to get New Mexico admitted as a State. The bill came up one day when he was not on the floor and Mr. Burrows rose to speak on it. He attacked it vigorously, ridiculed the claims of the Territory for Statehood, and denounced the measure as unwise and needless.

Mr. Burrows was in great form. As he finished speaking Mr. Elkins came on the floor. He knew Burrows had been making a speech of some kind, and as he was extremely friendly he rushed over to him, shook Burrows' hand warmly, and congratulated him on his "magnificent effort."

The young men who represent the newspapers in the Southwest saw the incident and promptly telegraphed it to their editors, saying that Elkins had congratulated Burrows for making a vicious attack on the bill.

Mr. Elkins left New Mexico shortly afterward. He never was able to explain.

Song Birds an

Five-M
Interviews
Great Si

By William A

ONE unhappy day I came near to losing Madame Melba's friendship through a drop of ink spread out in one short sentence. She had just landed in America after a year's absence; the prospect of a season of opera on the Pacific Coast, where she revels in the climate, had made her buoyantly happy. The interview was correspondingly pleasing, for the mood of great singing ladies, perhaps more than the mood of those without a voice, has its influence on what they say.

At that meeting she had told me that she never read the newspapers. It was many weeks before I saw her again. As I entered her drawing-room I found it full of visitors. In that moment she caught sight of me and began to express herself. Every eye was turned in my direction. I had forty feet to go to reach her. She continued to unburden her mind until I got to her. The distance seemed miles, not yards.

"What have I done?" I asked.

The expression of her face relaxed into a smile, for I must have looked a bit upset. But her manner was still decidedly in earnest. "What have you said?" she repeated. "Something that would drive any woman mad. You wrote that I had grown a little stouter."

The Last of the Prima Donnas

"IT IS my baby face that they thought so suited to the innocence of Parsifal when I sang the part at Bayreuth," said Van Dyck to me one day.

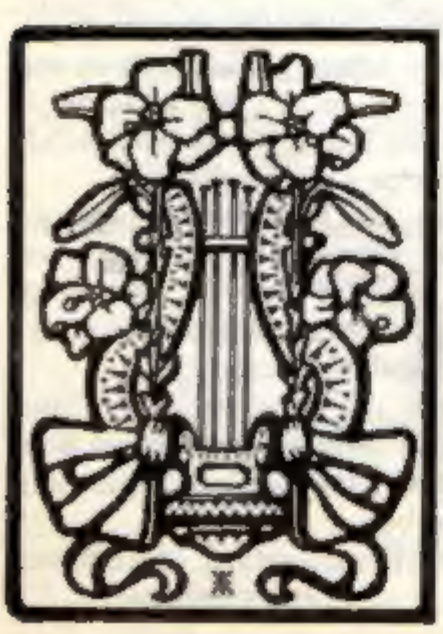
It is his "baby" face, all innocence and wide-eyed rotundity, that makes the sharp things he says the funnier. In the saying of them the face expresses nothing.

"No," he continued with beaming innocence, "I did not say of Mr. Jean de Reszke, when his secretary, Mr. de Nevers, announced in an interview that there was no tenor in the company because Mr. de Reszke was absent, that he had come to America to strew flowers of memory on Jean's vocal tomb."

It would scarcely have done to interrupt with an expression of doubt at that moment, whatever of doubt I may have entertained. Raphael's cherubs do not look out from their canvas more blandly than Mr. Van Dyck then looked at me, but his tone was not cherubic in its inflection as he continued, "But I did say that De Reszke was the last of the prima donnas." And in the silence that followed I put two and two together.

Madame Eames' New England Grit

THE spring was just beginning when Madame Eames came back to New York after the illness that had cut her off from appearances at the Metropolitan Opera in the heart of last season. She was still weak, but her spirit, of the New England kind, was sturdy enough. One afternoon just following her return she spoke of grit and how she prized it. With a touch of languor left by illness in her face and manner she looked very beautiful resting there in the corner of a big sofa. She had been cut off in the midst of a season for which she had worked tirelessly in preparation. She had learned two new rôles for that busy time; one of them, La Tosca, she had sung. Then her energies had snapped. The result had meant loss, disappointment, broken ambition.



"It was like running against
of her trouble she had said noth
many cheerful things. "At first
see me lying there and begin to
to do the cheering up. Finally I
people and I saw no one. But I
one knows what anxieties I had
will pulled me through the perfo
end of them, I had to give up th
first knew of it. But I do love
little and tears came into her
that she broke down, for the nex
steady. "I do love grit," she s
show it."

From that day on, and I saw h
her disappointment. Her grit w

Madame Patti

AN ACUTE critic, but never a h
the majority of people who c
has little to say of her colleagu
word it always arouses a suspi
unspoken.

Some one asked her last sum
would sing in America next se
from Verdi's Ernani was named a
that you will give it," said an ad
sings it. You will show how it
"She sings it well," was th
prompt decision that stopped fur
Of the tremolo affected now
"They do as they always did—in
When she spoke of Wagner sh
music, but regretted its effect o
voice," she asserted with empha
may say to the contrary, and it h
Oddly fond of mechanical mus
and a phonograph going by turn
A disk reproducing the voice of
from Pagliacci, is a prime favorit
the machine repeat it. During th
slyly as she tapped my arm, "L
technical term for a break in the
in this case, as the phonograph
ness. But for all that, Madame
separated the bad from the good

Madame Marchesi's

THE teacher of Melba, Calvé, E
celebrities—Madame Marche
interesting personality, at the a
absorbed in her life-work that sh
At the end of a long afternoon
home in Paris last summer, and a
told her that I hoped to see her a
"Who knows?" she answered.
Oh, that we have to die! Th
exclaimed passionately, all the
her tone. "That is the hard par
She seemed to forget that I w
looking at the walls hung thick
pupils.
She is a thoughtful woman, p
the ordinary sense has no fears
work that has absorbed her energ
on doing in the world, that she w
she might accomplish if years we
at the mere snuffing out of life, b

The Impulsiv

WHETHER adopting a child
every three days, and she i
Calvé, if she has not a reason
impulse. It arises from the emot
cally speaking, and her emotion

d Their Ways

inute with the ingers

Armstrong

a stone wall," she said, and ing until she had talked of my friends would come and cry. I was the one that had got tired of comforting other held on to my courage. No . After attempts when only rmances with collapse at the e fight, and then the public grit." Her voice wavered a eyes. It was only for a flash t instant her voice was quite aid, "and I think I tried to

er often, she never spoke of ould not let her.

as a Critic

arsh one, Madame Patti, like an do things well themselves, es. When she does drop a cion of the many she leaves

ner at Craig-y-nos what she ison. The Ernani Invoalmi mong the rest. "I am glad mirer. "Madame Sembrich *should* be done."
e answer, and in a tone of ther comment.
oy singers in Italy she said, Italy they never could sing." e was enthusiastic about his n the singer. "It hurts the asis, "no matter what they urts the voice badly."
ic, she has a big orchestrion at the castle every evening. Caruso, the tenor, in an air e. Over and again she has ne number one night she said isten to the 'cat' in it," the voice of a singer, reproduced does, with glaring distinct- Patti had it repeated. She and enjoyed what she got.

View of Death

ames and a long list of lesser si, indefatigable toiler and ge of seventy-six is still so e has forgotten to grow old. that I spent with her at her s we were saying good-by, I gain in April.
"I am old, I may be gone. at we have to die!" she conventionality gone out of t of it."
as standing there, and was with portraits of her noted

iously inclined. Death in for her. It was of her life- ies, and of her desire to keep as thinking—of that which re granted her, not of regret ut of life's usefulness.

e Calvé

or changing her hotel once s addicted to both, Madame for action, has at least an ion of the moment, analyti- s appear to be not few in number. Sometimes they are inconvenient to herself or to others.

There was a final rehearsal for a new one-act opera, Mauguére, at Covent Garden last summer. In the closing scene the heroine attacked by one man is rescued by another. There is some stabbing. It is exciting. That day it was more so than usual. Madame Calvé had quite abandoned herself to impulse. When the opera was done the gentlemen singers, in utter fatigue, sat in chairs surveying each other. Madame Calvé surveyed her gown. Some one, more thoughtful than the rest, suggested pins. When a box of them was brought it took the major part to hold the lace and chiffon of her dress together that she might get home.

Tired from the excitement of London, Madame Calvé decided on the quiet of the country and a dinner with guests at Richmond. It did not occur to her that certain of those bidden and living at distant points would scarcely have time to receive her invitation, not to mention the bane of a previous engagement.

When the full number failed to arrive she was in indignant surprise. The impulse of the country dinner had been such a matter of course that she failed to see why it had not affected those bidden in the same manner.

Madame Bernhardt's Forgetfulness

DURING a Camille performance one evening in Paris Madame Melba, who had been singing its operatic counterpart, Violetta, went behind the scenes. With tears of admiration she embraced Madame Sara, and taking a long string of pearls costing several thousand dollars from her neck begged the tragedienne to accept it. In voluble words Madame Bernhardt returned thanks and begged Madame Melba to come the next week to see her new play, promising that she would send her a box.

In anticipation Madame Melba invited some friends of distinction to help her honor the evening.

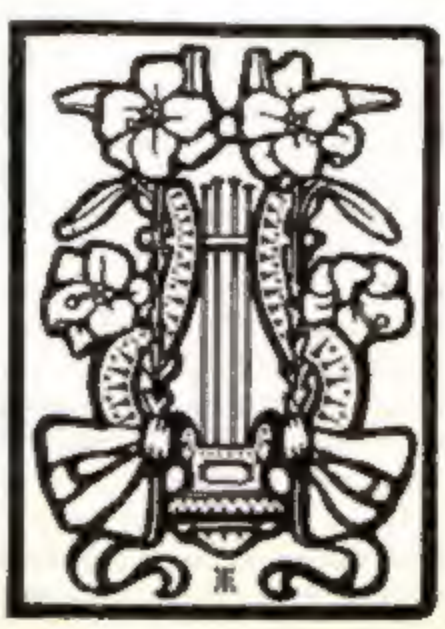
No box-tickets came. The day of the production arrived, and still they had not put in an appearance. All her guests had accepted. Inquiry proved that the house was sold out. Through influence a friend secured for her a box already disposed of to another, but at the last moment and with chagrin a near prospect. She had incidentally told the tale of the pearls and their appreciation in giving each invitation.

When Madame Bernhardt next saw Madame Melba she told her what a delightful surprise her presence at the new play had given her. Her own invitation she had forgotten.

The Economy of Fritz Scheel

WHEN I arrived for a call on Mr. Fritz Scheel one morning I found him mowing the lawn at his home; inside the house a member of his family was busily tacking down carpet. The place was rife with the sounds of industry. "I am economizing," said the orchestra conductor proudly, wiping his face as he spoke.

Cincinnatus and his plow are all very well in their way, but swords have before now been turned into good agricultural implements. A baton turned into a lawn-mower was more of a novelty. The situation was interesting. I watched Mr. Scheel as he toiled.



"This is not all," he said presently, as he showed me a beautiful house that he had built for his hens. It was empty

"Unfortunately no one was at home when the chickens arrived from the country," he said, "so they took them all back But they will bring them in later. You see, I am economizing," and Mr. Scheel went back to his mower. Just then a van arrived bringing his piano, for Mr Scheel was newly moved in

While the men stood in the porch after it had been put into place Mr. Scheel took out and handed to them a note that was quite sufficient to buy them. "You see, I am economizing," said Mr Scheel, falling to with the mower.

Madame Schumann-Heink's Sense of Humor

THERE are times when Madame Schumann Heink laughs herself out of her own difficulties and those of other people. Once she returned to New York from a distant concert engagement, and was hurried from the station to the Metropolitan to sing the shepherd in Tannhäuser. All the other singers who did the rôle were ill. She herself had never sung it. There was not enough time left to dress fully Clapping on the wig and putting the tunic of the part over her gown, she hurried behind a canvas rock on the stage, with only her head and shoulders visible, and sang—sang the shepherd's song as it was never sung there before. All the time she was in a broad smile, and in a few seconds she had her audience smiling, then laughing with her. Some thought she had found a new interpretation for the part, but it was the joke of the thing that set her to beaming. The difficulty of the situation she forgot completely; the funny side of it was too evident

Once when she returned home after nearly a year's absence her youngest boy, Franz George Washington, had forgotten her. The fact brought her tears thick and fast. "To think that my child forgets me while I am away earning his living!" she sobbed.

The next day, with presents given her in America spread about her, she called all her children together—nine of them, and she says that her only ha in their company. Then sh her eye on Franz George W established by that time a explained why she had to country where she sang for paused, looking hard at Fran

"Now drop a tear," he pi He had listened, not entirely a poem

In an instant his proud mo Washington in her arms, and intended to weep. But how with a sense of humor, give w

Miss Ellen Te

IT WAS a hot Sunday after Terry had just moved int the Chelsea that Carlyle lov were scattered about the dra rose an island of rest in t enthroned on it. I had disco site. She was giving me Meanwhile she delivered a h world by autograph hunters, least a bushel of letters con she talked. The stamps, like Of the pile of them received less mass remained. Miss T England in her baggage

She set me to work help directions to save every sta depended on it.

Every time I stopped thr interview she reproached me we toiled. When we had fi stamps with satisfaction. "I are thriftless? When I have

MISS MARI

By Charles B

SO FAR as the world at large was concerned Raymond Loudon was born the day of his election to the New York Stock Exchange As a matter of fact, he had first seen the light of day some thirty years previous to that event on a small farm situated in the far West Just after he had made his famous *coup* in cotton in the early nineties, and incidentally was credited with having made several millions profit, it is true that the newspapers contained interviews with the young plunger which told at some length of his early struggles. He spoke, in these interviews, of the days he had spent behind the plow, and later, as a clerk, behind the counter of a country store. He failed, however, to mention that his father still kept the store and now hired some one else to steady the plow. As a matter of fact, he had made offers of assistance to his people who refused them; so why should he bring up the subject at all? He knew that the interviews were intended solely to clothe the new operator with an interesting personality he did not possess, and that the facts of his early days would be soon forgotten and not revived until his death or his next great *coup* on the Street. For thirty years he had lived unknown, an unconsidered atom, both at his farm home, and later in the world of finance And then in an absurdly brief time he had sprung into the white light of publicity. He had become an integral part of the New York Stock Exchange, which is the power-house of America's financial system. The days of darkness and obscurity never were to be again; the giants of Wall Street had turned their X-rays on him and were forever trying to read his thoughts and watching his every move. Even his health became a question of some moment. A serious illness would mean a decline in the stocks he controlled, and his death, perhaps, an irrevocable blow to his followers. But through all his days of poverty and success the man had always been the same. He had been faithful to his plow and successful in a small way as a clerk in the country store When he had first come to New York to learn his chosen profession in a broker's office he had carried out his duties with praiseworthy effort and had shown an aptitude for ascertaining the present and future "conditions" which marked him as a coming man. He read of foreign wars and of the crops at home, not because he cared whether the map of Europe were changed, or how much the American people would have to pay for their bread. Wars and crops were only interesting to him so far as the effect they had, or were to have, on Wall Street His whole energy, mental and physical, was focused on that one thing—the market. His home and people were forgotten. In place of friends were the men who backed the daring of his methods with their fortunes. It was no wonder he boasted of the Stock Exchange as his birthplace. The

HER CHAIR SLIGHT
THE R

story of his life was printed music for which he cared was

And so Loudon lived for fiv and din and terrible excitemen in the world, sometimes wimi always feared and always fr something snapped. He had the workings of every "tru

ppy days are the brief ones spent
e began a solemn speech, fixing
Washington with whom she had
parental footing. Gravely she
leave them, and told of the fu
their sakes. At the climax she
nz George Washington.
ped in the silence that followed
in vain, to a small sister recite

other had clasped Franz George
shook with laughter. She had
could a mother, and a mother
ay to tears after that?

erry's Kind Heart

noon in August, and Miss Ellen
o a house in quiet old Chelsea,
ed so well. Boxes and bales
wing-room. One big, lone sofa
he confusion. Miss Terry sat
overed a footstool and sat oppo-
an interview for publication
nomily on the labor made in the
taking out the stamps from at
taining requests for them while
the letters, were American ones.
while in the country this hope-
erry had brought them back to

ing to tear them up with strict
np. We worked as if our lives

ough interest in that brilliant
e with laziness. For two hours
nished she viewed the pile of
Now who dares say that the Irish
no time to answer the letters the

stamps that I get in this way I send to a charitable institution in America. They amount to more than you would think Now don't you feel better that you have done a good deed?"

Madame Nordica's Most Prized Bouquet

THE village was a little one, set in between the steep, pine-grown hills of the Black Forest. Everybody knew everybody else; each inhabitant held a place in general interest equal to the centre of the stage in a play. Even the cows were not denied a place in public esteem

Into this scene—Menzenschwand the village is named—Madame Nordica was let down at the end of two consecutive seasons, possibly the most successful ones in her career. I was with her in her first walk through its one street on the afternoon of her arrival That she was a singer the people may have known in a vague kind of a way, but it was the woman that they cared for entirely apart from any place that she might hold in the outside world

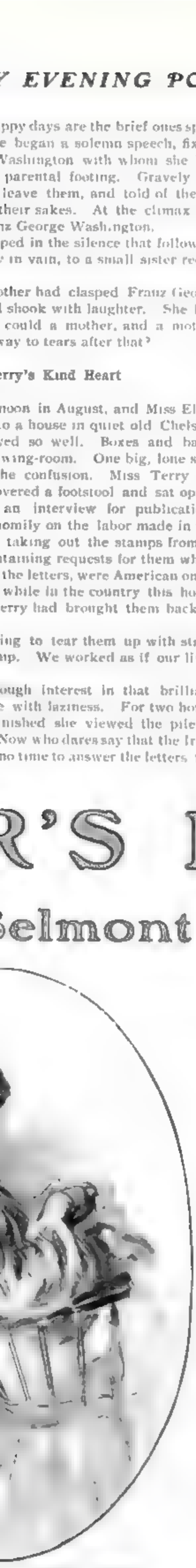
The blacksmith let the bellows-handle drop, wiped the loose smudges from his hands on his apron, and came to the door of the forge to give her a hearty handshake. One woman pressed her to accept a mug of cream which I had to carry the length of our foot-tour. So it went through the village; the man who cut gravestones at the very end of it being as glad as the rest to see her again and tell her how each and all of his family had been since she left them.

We had almost got back to the little hotel when she stopped short in the road. Following her eyes I saw an old man sitting alone in his porch. In a moment he had hobbled out to meet her. His wife had died during Madame Nordica's absence. He told her of it slowly, with a crack in his voice that added the pathos of very old age to his story. Then he ambled into his garden and came back with a stubby bouquet "They were *her* flowers," he said, handing them to the singer Madame Nordica carried them home with a care that she had likely given few wreaths thrown to her over the footlights.

It was the sympathy of the woman they knew that they valued; without it she would have meant nothing to them

R'S LOVERS

Belmont Davis



TLY TILTED AGAINST
AILING

on the "tape," and the only
the song of the "ticker."
e years always in the confusion
t of the greatest gambling game
ng and sometimes losing, but
iendless. And then one day
studied and believed he knew
st" and "combination" and

"machine"—but he had paid no heed to his own machine, and so it broke down out of pure exhaustion

He sat in a deep leather chair in the doctor's office and heard quite listlessly the sentence of this old man who was just as famous in his profession as Loudon was in his. He did not even rebel by word or gesture against the banishment of months from all he loved. Staring indolently into the eyes of the doctor he bowed his head in acquiescence, and then taking up his hat walked slowly back to the hotel that he called home

The well advertised coming of Loudon to Thornton's Gap was not without interest to the guests already installed at the only hotel of which the little village boasted. In fact, the hotel with its adjoining cottages might be said to be Thornton's Gap. For a great many summers innumerable beauties of the South had sat under the roof of the broad piazzas and had listened to declarations of love from their youthful and ardent admirers, and the register of the old house contained the autographs of the leading great names in American politics. The pretty girls year after year had brought many men, rich and poor, to Thornton's Gap, but the oldest "guest" could not remember having seen any one there quite so distinguished, or at least notorious, in the financial world, as Mr. Raymond Loudon. The fact that he was a bachelor and, so far as was known, quite fancy free, did not mitigate against the interest felt in his proposed visit There were several mothers of many daughters, so many indeed that the maternal beauty was not observed in all the offspring who admittedly rejoiced at his approach; and the men, old and young, were curious to see the young man who had so lightly run up the ladder of success.

When Loudon did arrive it must be said that the accumulated interest was of the most suppressed order, and the young man was himself entirely ignorant of its existence. He sometimes stopped on the hotel piazza after his meals to smoke a cigar with the men, but he did not care particularly for their tales of the Rebellion, nor understand their great interest in golf and tennis, and at the first suggestion of business of any kind he beat a hasty retreat to his cottage. He had been formally presented to the ladies, old and young, but his progress in this direction had been far from rapid, and he certainly had shown no preferences for any of the mothers or numerous daughters.

But notwithstanding the unfortunate reputation which Loudon was building up for himself during the first week of his stay, he remained on his own porch and continued to show only a timid interest in the hotel or its guests. He had found his rest among the green hills and under the blue skies of the South. For hours he sat at the door and watched the flow of a tiny stream as it wound its way around little mounds of

deep greensward and trickled through the deep-worn crevices of mossy rocks. He waited with much interest for the breezes that came up the valley and rustled the leaves of ivy about his door, and sent the little fleecy clouds chasing each other across the valley from his hilltop to the high mountain peaks far away, and sometimes, not often, when he forgot to look for the breezes and the white clouds and their shadows in the stream, he marveled how completely he had passed out of his old life in the city and how very little he missed all the familiar faces that used to be forever about him.

He once said almost aloud as he sat alone on his little porch, "Some day I shall come back here for a long rest. I will build a great house on that hill, and every morning when I awake I will walk out on my porch and look up at the sky and go back again and know that I shall not have to leave it until it is my wish to do so, and then only to wander out over the hills or sit in the shade of the trees and listen to the birds and insects playing about me. There will be no automobile to meet me at my door to hurry me off to that glass office with the brass railings to hold me prisoner. Sometimes there will perhaps be a horse, saddled and ready to take me up the valley there, or a wagon to drive with a friend at my side." He smiled, and in his weakened state the tears came into his eyes

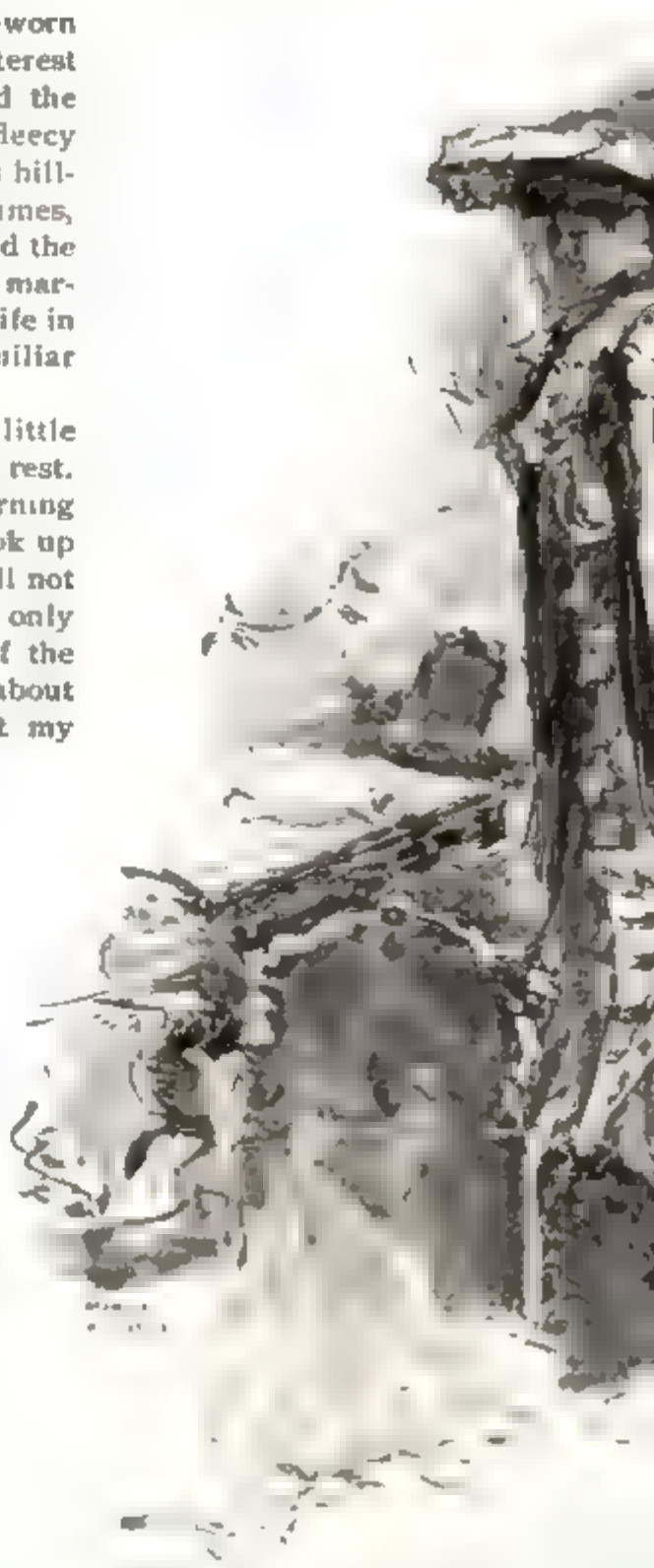
On a bright July afternoon, a week after the arrival of the young millionaire, all Thornton's Gap had assembled as it usually did after dinner in a chain of groups along the piazza. By far the most interesting of these was the one that gathered about Miss Indiana Marr, whose well-deserved reputation for beauty extended much farther North than the border of her own State line. Any summer resort would be proud to have her as a guest, and Thornton's Gap was not ignorant of the honor bestowed upon it. On this occasion Miss Marr, while the physical centre and no doubt the magnet that had attracted the crowd of girls and men of all ages about her, could not be said to be showing sufficient cause to prove her unique and superlative position as the belle of the Gap. In fact, with her chair slightly tilted against the railing of the piazza, she was apparently deeply absorbed in a novel and wholly oblivious to the circle of admirers about her. The conversation turned, as it usually did, to the Gap's distinguished male guest, who had finished his midday dinner and had proceeded with even unusual haste to the solitude of his cottage across the road from the hotel. Miss Fannie Carlisle gave an exact imitation of the sweet smile she had greeted him with before breakfast that morning and of the cold bow with which it had been returned, and one of the young men admitted that he had genially asked the alleged financier one or two questions in regard to some stocks, and had discovered that Loudon's brain, so far as subjects of this sort were concerned, was apparently a total blank. And then the talk reverted to just what ailed the young man. Miss Marr closed her book with a significant snap which seemed to act as a period to the chatter going on about her.

"I will tell you what is the matter with that young man," she said, "if you really want to know. He is tired and he came here to rest, not to give tips on the stock market, or enthuse over young women who grin like Cheshire cats at him before he has had his breakfast. He is quite human, I've no doubt, if any of you took the trouble to find out. Instead, you treat him as if he were an exhibit in the freak tent of a circus." The silence which reigned for some moments after Miss Marr's remarks was finally broken by Miss Carlisle. "Well, Indiana," she said, "I am quite willing to overlook the Cheshire cat remark because you seem in a peevish mood. Yet I must say you are looking charming. Your white skirt is as white and as starchless as it should be, and that filmy openwork shirtwaist, which looks as if it had kept a whole Woman's Exchange stitching overtime, is really most becoming."

"Well," said Miss Marr, "any further personal remarks?"

"No, only I was thinking," said Miss Carlisle, "that if Mr. Loudon is as human as you say he is you would certainly appeal to him in your present get-up. Why don't you go over there and humanize him?"

Miss Marr glanced over her shoulder at the young man sitting alone in front of the little cottage across the road from the hotel. "I think I will," she said, and without more ado she left her circle of admirers and walked down the long, crowded piazza. Still carrying her book in her hand she ran lightly down the steps, and without a glance back at the piazza to see just how great a sensation she was causing she crossed the lawn to where Loudon was taking his lonely ease. At her approach the young man pulled himself out of his wicker chair and bowed deferentially to the girl, whose unusual beauty became evident to him for the first time. "How do you do, Mr. Loudon?" she said. "I just came over——" The financier interrupted her by putting out his hand, suddenly withdrawing it, and asking her if she would not be seated



"AND YOU ARE WILLING," SHE SA
THE OLD WORK AND THE
AND ONLY SAY 'GOO

"No, thank you," she answ
one hand to the other and then l
you looked so—rather lonely
over and join us. We're quite

"Yes," he said, "I know, bu
I am building a house on that

Miss Marr glanced across th
top. "Oh, I see: a sort of cas

"Yes," he replied.

"They're much the best kind
decide on a hardwood finish an
up almost without any consider

"Yes," he said. "I've bee
tions. The only thing that wo
put the stables."

"You must like Thornton's
building here," she said. "
very much pleased with it—an

"I haven't been very sociabl
know the doctors said I had bu
fighting so long with people it
away from my enemies and sur
say friends."

The girl smiled. "That's
"you're coming on famously."

"There was a young man
asked me about some securities
sight of a daily paper in the
That is the reason I hurried ov
get that the fight is still going

"Quite right," she said. "
ties, and if you see a newspap
young man who asks you about

"Thank you very much," he
you for all this protection? Th
have any flower or candy shops

"I like driving," she sugges

"Oh, of course," he said, "b

"Well," she answered, "w
unscrewed the top off the buggy
in the runabout.' The first tim
together and I'll show you so
kinds of air castles."

"I'll see the livery-stable ma

"All right," she said, "but
only with me. There are lots
hotel who like driving. They
They don't know anything abo
supposed to own a good many
never did a man any harm a
might walk as far as the hotel s
look up the livery-stable man."

ID, "TO GO BACK TO
OLD LAZY LIFE
OD BY'"

ered, changing her book from
ack again. "I just ran over;
I thought you might come
a gay little party."
t I am rather busy. You see,
knoll over there."
e valley at the houseless hill-
tle in the air."

l," the girl ran on; "one can
d bathrooms tiled all the way
ration."
n very lavish in my specifica-
rries me now is just where to

Gap very much if you are
We were afraid you were not
d us."
e, have I?" he asked. "You
rned myself out. I have been
seems a little new to me to be
rounded only by—I'd like to

much better," she said;

at the hotel," he said, "who
this morning, and I caught
reading-room after breakfast.
er here. You see, I was to for-
n up there in New York."
You forget all about the securi-
er run away from it, and any
stocks just send him to me."
said, "but how am I to repay
ornton's Gap doesn't seem to
."
ted
nggy riding"
e used to call it that, but they
y and now we say, 'going out
he it is free we'll take a drive
me fine sites for building all

n at once," he suggested.
t don't think you must drive
of nice girls up there at the
won't talk about stocks, either.
ut them, except that you are
, and that sort of reputation
t a summer resort yet. You
teps with me now and then go

Loudon did as he was told and together they crossed the lawn. For the first time the guests at the Gap saw that the broker could smile and show an interest in something not so high as the clouds.

In a breathless silence Miss Marr returned to her chair on the piazza and proceeded to look for the page where she had left off reading.

"Well," gasped Miss Carlisle, "is he quite human?"

Miss Marr tilted her chair against the railing

"Quite," she said; "he has asked me to go buggy-riding."

The external result of the humanizing of Loudon by Miss Marr was a long succession of drives together. Almost every afternoon they could be seen jogging along the country roads behind one of the old livery-stable horses. It was the girl who, apparently, on these occasions did the talking for both. The man leaned back in the buggy and looked over the horse's head, smiling continually at the chatter of the girl beside him. His eyes were much brighter and his color better than when he had first come to Thornton's Gap. Miss Marr, it appeared to her fellow-guests, especially the women, had not only humanized Loudon, but was quickly returning him to his normal condition of health. The only objection seemed to be that the results of her method were somewhat selfish in so far as she had been the only one to be benefited by the change. But then, Miss Marr had never been accused of sharing with any of her less favored sisters the attention of the many men who had been devoted to her. She usually demanded and she usually reaped the deserts of a girl with her reputation for beauty in the South. But those who had followed her career closely, and there were many such at the Gap, had never seen her show even an interest in the game in hand—a game in which she had originally, and still apparently, assumed the initiative. Miss Marr had always insisted that she would grow old in the notable occupation of dragging her lovers in chains after her, and that it was more amusing to keep half a dozen men in suspense than to have one man keep her in luxury. It had recently become the opinion of the hotel guests that she had changed her views and that she was, after all, not unlike the rest of the world in so far as she had her price. Loudon was generally admitted to be the price.

There was a little group of men and girls sitting on the piazza one afternoon watching Miss Marr and Loudon as they started out on their afternoon drive. Miss Marr jumped in unassisted and Loudon crawled in after her and with difficulty stowed himself away in the narrow confines of the old buggy. Both were smiling and as apparently unconscious of the hotel and the people sitting on the piazza as if they had never existed

"They seem happy," said one of the men.

"Why shouldn't they be?" asked Miss Carlisle. "Any girl likes to be seen with a rich man if he is at all eligible, and Loudon is eligible as far as he is not married, and every man likes to have other men see him with a girl who is called a belle. Wit and a sense of humor and tact and devotion to the old ladies don't count at all. You need the kind of beauty that makes a so-called belle if you want to be 'popular.'"

"And then you think Loudon," said one of the men, "likes Miss Marr and neglects the rest of us solely because she is a belle?"

"Certainly," she answered; "he may be as ill as they say he is, and he may be as *gauche* as we know he is, but he was born just as human as any of us. You know all of you would rather be in that carriage with her now than sitting here. I hear Harry Marshall is coming down to see her in a day or two, and then you will all have a chance, perhaps. You had better be ready to make the best of it"

At the time Miss Carlisle was giving her friends the advantage of her knowledge of the movements of Miss Marr's lovers, the young lady herself and Loudon out on the country road had taken up the same subject. "Then," asked Loudon, "as I understand it, when Mr. Marshall comes I am to see nothing of you?"

"Nothing," answered the girl. "That's the way we play the game down here. "Besides, he won't stay long—a couple of days—perhaps."

"May I ask who Mr. Marshall is that he must take such complete possession of you, if only for two days?"

"Well," said the girl, "he is, first of all, a Marshall of Marshallton."

"Is that something very fine?" Loudon asked

The girl smiled. "We all think so where I come from, and there are a great many girls who would like to be a Marshall, if only by marriage."

"It seems a somewhat indefinite honor to me. You see, I don't think I ever met a Marshall," he said.

"No?" she answered thoughtfully. "I don't know how you would like this one. He is very different from you. He is tall and thin, and his eyes have rings under them and he wears glasses. Harry counts punched tickets or something in a general railroad office, and it has made him rather stoop-shouldered"

"Oh, well," said Loudon, "he'll probably be president of the road some of these days, and then he won't have to count tickets and can straighten up a bit."

The girl pursed her lips and looked up at Loudon as if he might know something about Marshall she did not. "No, I guess not," she said. "He hasn't time to learn how to be the president of the road. He counts tickets all day and thinks about being a Marshall all the evening, so you see he is pretty busy."

"And yet," suggested Loudon, "he has time to come to see you."

"Oh, yes," Miss Marr answered cheerfully; "he has been doing that for a long time, particularly Sunday evenings. I can't remember a Sunday evening at home when Harry hasn't dropped in to say he would like to make me a Marshall. I don't mind telling you that—everybody else knows it and he is rather proud of the fact."

"I suppose," asked the broker, "that is why he is coming this Sunday?"

"Yes," she answered; "I suppose so. He has probably heard about you and our drives together. There are some very active correspondents over there at the hotel. It may be he is coming to see some of his people. A lot of them still live in this part of the country, and the graveyard back of the hotel is full of Marshalls. He may be coming to see them."

"What," asked Loudon, "the ones in the graveyard?"

Miss Marr smiled. "It would be rather like Harry; but I imagine he is really coming to see me and—and you."

"I hope he likes me."

"Oh, you probably won't meet him at all," answered the girl. "I'll be walking or driving with him all the time, or sitting on the porch, I suppose."

"You must like him very much to devote all your time to him," Loudon suggested.

"Yes," she said rather tentatively, "I do like him. And then when a man has wanted to marry a girl for a long time she does owe him something, doesn't she? Besides, so many people know about it You see, affairs of that sort are rather widely discussed down here, and I would have to be civil if only for the sake of appearances."

For a few moments there was silence It was Loudon who spoke first "I shall miss you very much," he said quite simply.

Miss Marr looked up at him from under the rim of her big hat. "Do you know, Mr. Loudon, that that is the first compliment you have ever paid me?"

Loudon looked up at her and then out again up the valley. "I imagine it is," he said. "Do you care?"

"No; why should I?"

Miss Marr laughed and settled herself farther back in the carriage. "I don't give you much chance to talk, as a matter of fact. Besides, I like you better when I do the talking."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I neglected conversation in my early training. I neglected everything pretty much except business."

"Well, whatever you do," said Miss Marr, "don't talk about that. You seem quite like a different person when you talk about your work—quite different. Your eyes get unnaturally bright and—I don't know—but just don't do it, if you want to please me."

"And yet," he said, "it's the one thing I'm supposed to know. I should think it would be as interesting as to hear your friend Mr. Marshall talk of his family."

Miss Marr drew in her breath in a few quick gasps. "I'm afraid," she said, "I did not do Mr. Marshall justice. You don't quite understand what I meant. Mr. Marshall was born—well, he was born a gentleman—and was taught certain things in his youth which are often considered necessary."

"May I smoke?" interrupted Loudon.

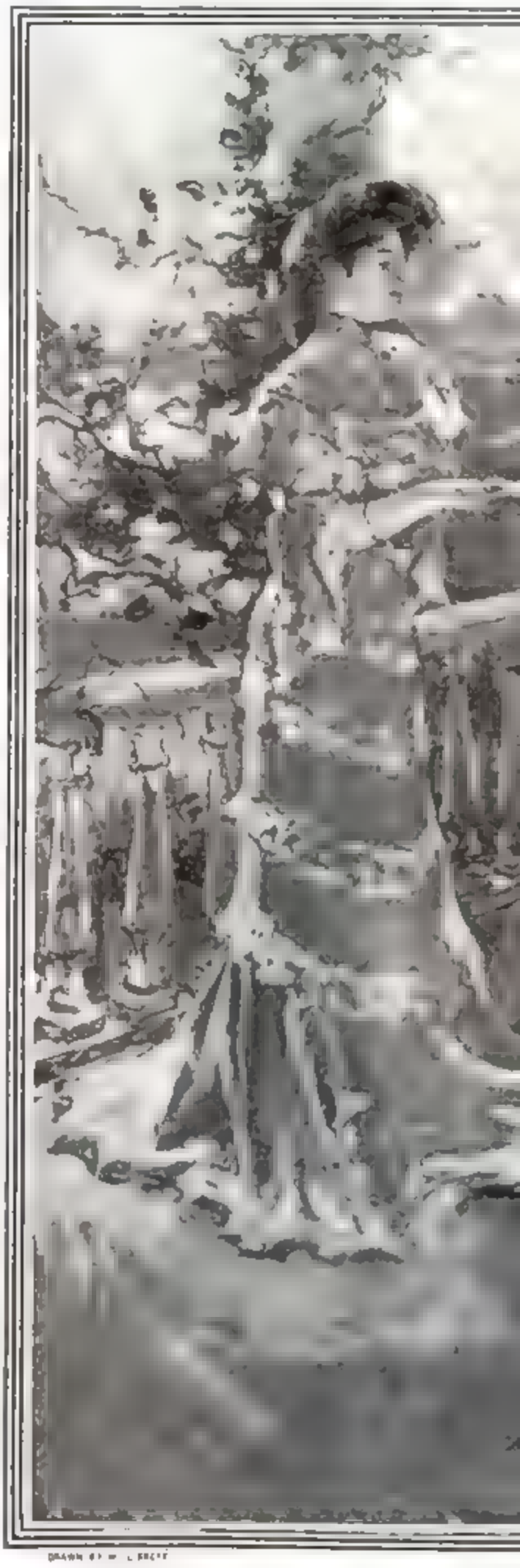
"I beg your pardon," said the girl. "I didn't mean that. I hope——"

"Don't, please don't," said Loudon. "I understand perfectly. I know, I know." He lit his cigar. Then he turned the horse toward home

"There are some of us," he said, "who are born without the people about them to tell them the sort of things you speak of, and it is sometimes pretty late in life before they have the time or the opportunity to pick them up. My father keeps a country store in a town you never heard of, and you would probably consider my mother only fit for your charity. That is the sort of people who brought me up, and they don't know the sort of things you think a man ought to be taught when he is a kid. You can't buy t to-day, with all my money, wh I meet men downtown and w them they ask me to a restaur wives or daughters. I didn't yet how much I care now. W Marshall, were learning the po At least, some people would c to me, because I was good at i

"You tell me I am at my handling of money and the ma of taking it away from some o as liquor is to a man who dr d sease, if you like. It was bo I should have fought against try to cut out drink. But I n it out. There didn't seem to then nature did for me what I It broke me down, it made me here."

Loudon pulled the horse up the same dogged drawl with weeks I have not seen a news from my partners, and won't u entirely. I have forgotten th learned to love the things I hate country, and the hills, and fie



"AND WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND HER
THAT WOULD BE A FINE TIME FO

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to do it, but you did do it. And having built up your house of cards you knock it down just to show that it has no foundation and is made of nothing but cards, after all. To-morrow, when your friend comes, I understand I am to go back to my cottage and stay there, and watch you with the man who has a name and that is all—a foundation on which he has built not even a house of cards, nothing but punched railroad tickets, I think you said."

"You are quite right," interrupted Miss Marr. "It was punched railroad tickets. I'm very sorry I said what I did, but I think in a way you rather forced me to it. I'm sorry and I beg your pardon. Let's shake hands before we reach the turn in the road."

Loudon smiled and hit the horse sharply with the whip. "No, I'm afraid not," he said. "You are too good to apologize to any one and you know me too well now to really want to shake hands with me."

Marshall arrived the next day. Miss Marr received him on the landing at the head of the steps. Their progress along the porch was a very slow one, as every one seemed to know him and wanted to bid him welcome. Those who understood the situation—and there were few indeed who did not—detected a certain feeling of sympathy in the unusual heartiness of the greeting to the young Southerner. It is more than possible that he noticed this undercurrent of feeling himself. It was as if every one who shook his hand and said "I'm glad to see you" would like to have added, "and I wish you luck."

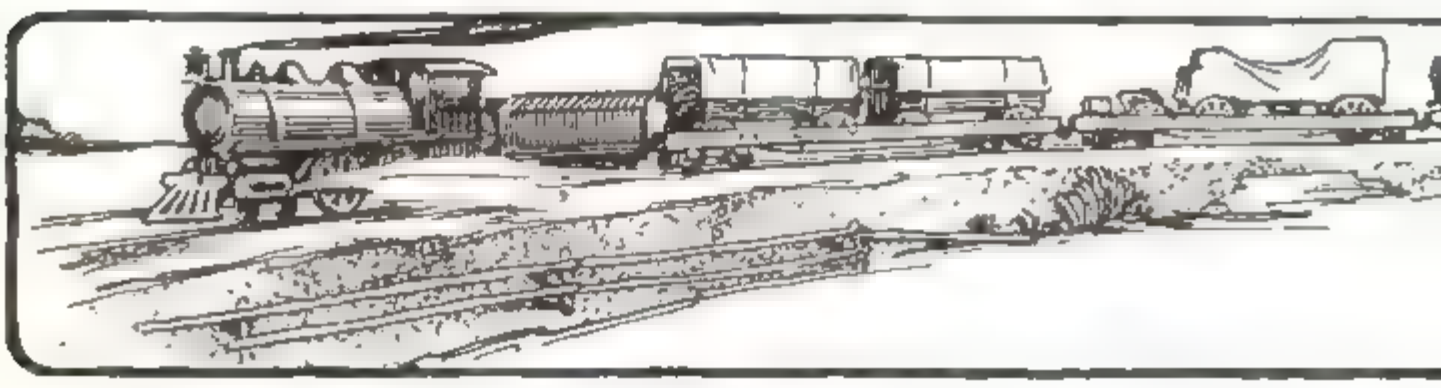
Loudon sat on the porch of his little cottage and watched the reception to Marshall. He recalled the morning he had arrived and how he had passed along through the same lines of men and women. He recalled the covert glances that had been cast at him, but there had been no word of welcome. He wondered if, after all, it were not worth something to be a Marshall. It seemed to be, at least at Thornton's Gap For two days he watched Miss Marr and Marshall sitting under the trees together on the lawn. He saw them starting out in the afternoon in the carriage in which she had always driven with him and he waited to see them return as the sun was setting over the hilltop—the one where she and he had planned the country home he was to build some day On Saturday night he went over to the hotel, and looking in through the windows saw them dancing together in the cotillon, but his presence seemed to attract the attention of the people about him. He even guessed some of them were covertly smiling and talking about him, and so he hurried back to his own cottage. On Sunday morning they went to church together. It seemed to Loudon that he had never seen Miss Marr or any one else look quite so beautiful. She had on a light blue dress which fitted her perfectly, and over her masses of brown hair, which looked quite golden in the reflection of the morning sun, she wore a hat all of lace which seemed to Loudon something fairer than a halo and to add a greater lustre to her beauty than a tiara might have done. She carried in one hand her prayer-book and in the other a blue sunshade to match her dress. As she ran down the hotel steps she waved her parasol to Loudon, who was sitting on his porch. It was the only greeting he had received since their last drive together, and curiously conscious of his own feelings he rose from his chair and bowed awkwardly to her. Then he sat back in his low chair and watched her and Marshall as they strolled along behind the rest of the church-goers until the trees had completely hidden them from view. In the afternoon Marshall and Miss Marr, still in her blue dress and her lace hat and with the eyes of the hotel upon her, walked over to the graveyard where all of the people great and small in the history of Thornton's Gap had been laid away.

"Did you know," asked Marshall, "that my great-grandfather was buried over here? Whenever I come to the Gap I like to go over and look at the grave. Do you mind walking over with me?"

They walked through the long lines of green mounds covered with broken and time-worn marble slabs to the corner of the graveyard where they found the grave of the first Marshall who had made his home in America. The moss had grown over the edges of the slab, which was so stained and broken

(Concluded on Page 30)

FOLLOWING



By Arthur E

ON THI

A PARTICULARLY well equipped army brigade can march straight forward for possibly a month. But it will spend the following six months preparing for the next advance. A great modern circus carries a vastly more bulky and complicated equipment than any field force; but after seven months, after twelve thousand miles of marching, it is as ready to continue as ever. Only the storms of indignant winter can bring it to a halt. How does it do it? Is there anything else like unto it on earth? Certainly not outside of America.

When the biggest circus of them all entered the domains of a certain high military people in northern Europe their tight-laced lieutenants made infinitely merry. That circus was the most slovenly and spraddling, the most haphazard and ill governed aggregation they had ever watched in action. But after they had watched it for a time they began to gape. And when finally the big show left, a certain military emperor spent the night between the lot and the circus trains, trying to get a little better grasp of just how they *did* do it.

It must have given him food for thought to see a whole section of "flats" loaded at once, and that without any laboring steam cranes to lift the ponderous chariots; it was merely that the train was made one single "flat" by a series of sheet-iron bridges, and to the last car there was slanted a pair of steel-sheathed skidway runs. Up them and forward were sent those ten and twelve ton wagons as fast as the six and eight horse teams could drop their tugs from them. It must have left him thinking when he realized that only by loading those loaded transport wagons themselves could any really rapid railway moves from camp to camp be made. However, he said little. He merely walked his horse in and out among the thousands of flaring kerosene beacons, and watched those four interminable sections pull out. There was the lightning train, with its half-million of value in menageric alone, and its scores on scores of priceless ring-stock. There was the flying squadron, with its Brobdingnagian cooking-gear, and its endless line of prop-wagons, all snugly canvas-cloaked. There was still a third section laden with hundreds of great draft horses with the canvases of half a dozen tremendous tents, and the long brown sleepers where bunk the "razor-backs" (the loaders), the canvasmen and the property men. And the fourth train followed with still more baled up acres of canvas—the "big top" itself, with all the poles and chains, ropes, seats and stringers which it inherits—and after it fifteen Pullmans carrying the performers, general staff, and the proprietor himself. There were almost one hundred cars in all; and if there should be an accident, there was half a car full of emergency materials prepared for it. Also the emperor noted, perhaps, that less than ninety minutes after the last note of the after concert had sounded that whole slovenly and spraddling ill-governed and haphazard aggregation had passed and gone. At any rate, he would admit that the Yankees knew something about transportation.

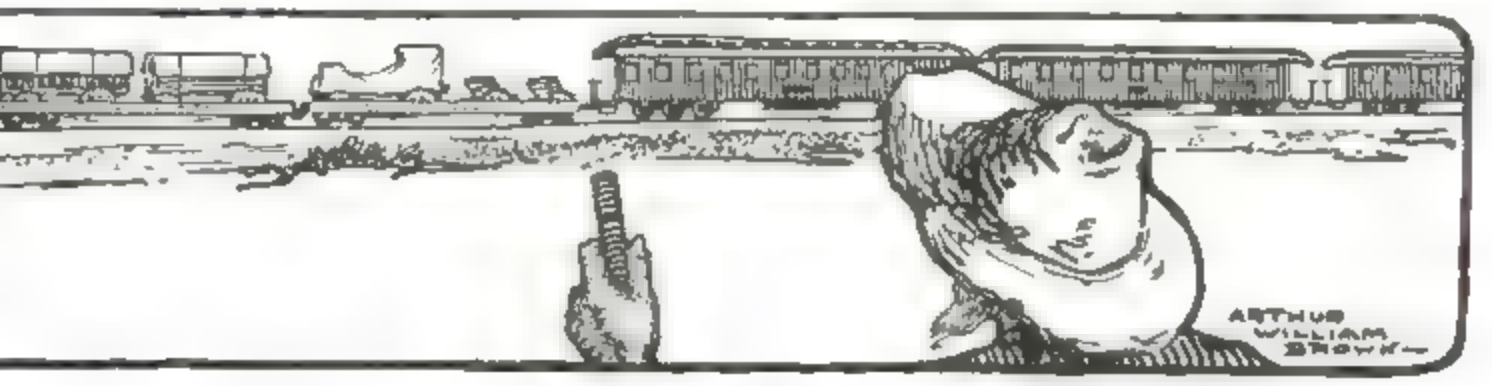
But the martinets of the French railroads had to learn their lesson much more painfully. The managers of the circus had suggested that they put on extra trains, and run excursions after the American manner. Such a thing had never been heard of. It was a proposal preposterous, if not absolutely impudent. . . . The show began to arrive in the little towns. Jacques Bonhomme, being forethoughtful to a certain degree, began in his thousands to swarm every train that ran into them for a week ahead. B day came he was resolved to had suddenly become that fe peasant can become when c both pockets instead of into twenty and thirty thousand to take Bastiles, if it was nec was a calling out of gendarm troops; and one station mast way officials would willingly "*Messieurs les préfets*" crue For a week they were despera those infuriated thousands night. Meanwhile the circ shoulder at the devastation, of its native cyclones. Pers And, to drop all similes, it way had most elaborately an before it. To recross to Am saying that a circus took forty a given point. As a matter circus something like six we tax the limits of this article t

In the first place, the route under the inside hat-rim of a

A QUIET STRANGER WITH

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles entitled Following the Circus by Mr. McFarlane. The third will appear in an early number.

THE CIRCUS



C. McFarlane

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A MEMORANDUM BOOK

only the itinerary for a month ahead. The managers may know whither they are going during the following six months, but they have a fine business delicacy which keeps them from flaunting their plans of conquest before the eyes of rival circuses. One man who does know, however, is the general agent.

The general agent goes ahead to survey the land. Sometimes a countryside is sufficiently prosperous and heavily populated for a circus to "show" every twenty or thirty miles. Sometimes a stretch of one hundred miles will not be enough. An adverse report on the field of a contemplated invasion may change the direction of the whole season's campaign. Incidentally, the general agent wastes no time, for presently he must be back scrutinizing every item sent in by the contracting agents. Nobody wastes any time in a circus. Recently a manager, then in New York and about to start for Europe, wired one of his lieutenants in San Francisco that he wanted to see him. He gave him several hours less than mail time in which to make the trip. He made it. The general agent is doing that sort of thing all the time. Yet his movements are not ostentatious; for if another show hears that he is in a certain big town (there are no cities in the circus gazetteer), that other show is going to try to get there first.

This explains that free-lance advertising car known as the skirmishing or opposition car. When two circuses discover that they are going to appear in a town during the same week there is a terrific time. Both skirmishing cars proceed to put out more paper on barns, billboards and ten-foot fences than any four advertising cars will do under ordinary circumstances. There have been combats between rival gangs of bill posters, armed with their hoelike paste-brushes which would have crowded both shows could they but have been postponed for twenty days or so. Some of the lawless little circuses do not scruple to tear down or cover over the broad sheets of their big antagonists. This is fox-terrier fighting, however, and beneath the dignity of the mastiff. He does nothing—until the little fellow's advertising car has left the town. Then he merely under-bills each single piece of the latter's thousand billboard sheets and country lithographs with the advice, "Wait for the BIG show!" typed in characters large enough to humiliate the murder extra of the most progressive yellow journal.

But obviously the skirmishing car is not one of the regular advance phalanx. And, indeed, that advance phalanx is prepared for by its own advance men. The railroad contractor, working from the various terminals, arranges for its transportation as well as for that of the show itself. In addition he sees to the getting-up of cheap show-day excursions, speaks for sidings, switching points, and the like. The circus is given the right of way over all freight, but not over the regular mail and passenger service. The railroad contractor must know just how that will work out on the route-card, and get full particulars on several thousand details for the transportation boss. For the latter to overlook a very innocent looking switch would simply mean that some half a mile of circus flats would have to be put individually upon the turn-table before they could be unloaded. Neither railroad contractor nor transportation boss is prone to blunder, though. What they have done is to handle the show's ninety-six cars on a line which owns only some sixty pieces of rolling stock itself!

Next come the general contractor and his forces. As a matter of fact, the men who buy for the cook tent and privileges and those who buy for the circus at large are commonly under different managements. But for the sake of convenience they may here be treated together. The general contractor takes out the license, both state and municipal; he rents the lot, and begins the business of bespeaking supplies. Since a circus, like an army "moves on its stomach," some of the quantities of foodstuffs may prove interesting. In a season a great circus has consumed 2200 barrels of potatoes; 210,000 pounds of bread; 56,000 dozen bunches of beets and carrots; 20,000 pounds of coffee, and other groceries in proportion. 75,000 quarts of fresh milk and 900 cases of condensed,

THE LAWLESS LITTLE CIRCUSES DO NOT SCRUPLE TO . . . COVER OVER THE BROAD SHEETS OF THEIR BIG ANTAGONISTS

45,000 pounds of butter, and so on, and so on. During the three weeks spent upon the preparation of these articles we ate in the general cook-tent. The contractor tells you it always pays to "buy good"—and it *was* good. The quality of the steaks and roasts set us wondering in particular, for we had known the butcher's meat of the small town of old We made inquiry and found that those circus joints and cuts came daily by express from the big Chicago packing houses. They were waiting for the show at every stop, in great five-hundred-pound ice-boxes. Cook-tent and menagerie together call for three thousand pounds a day. The animals are fed as well as the general staff; and, you are told, they would be much quicker "to shy at anything on the way to the gamey" Eleven hundred tons of ice are consumed in a season.

But the contractors have other things to provide for. The lighting arrangements call for two and one-half barrels of gasoline a day, and almost as much kerosene for the beacons The stables daily require two hundred and fifty bushels of oats, seven tons of hay, five tons of straw. The elephants, camels and kangaroos, and a hundred other pernickety foreign beasts in the menagerie must also be provided for. The "big top" demands its tons of tanbark or chopped shavings. Then, too, in the town itself, if there is not a sufficiency of billboards, more must be erected. In addition, the contractor must arrange hotel meals for the men of the advertising, or billing, cars, and hire rigs for their route-riders.

The first regular billing car precedes the circus by some three weeks. It contains twenty-two men, one of them high-salaried, to use the significant circus adjective of differentiation. It is the business of the twenty-one to inaugurate the work of covering a network of country roads within a swath from seventy-five to one hundred miles in width. It is the business of the high-salaried man, with the boss bill-poster's assistance, to take up nightly a detailed map of those roads and lay out a dozen different driving routes for the morrow. Each morning before dawn the paste is cooked in a kind of great steam furnace in the end of the car; five or six barrels of flour are used a day. By dawn, too, the billing men have snatched a breakfast at their allotted hotel. The wondering teams from the liveries stand awaiting them at the car when they return.

Each team will cover from thirty to fifty miles, and will put out some six hundred sheets, the bill-poster always arranging to give the greatest variety of display possible. And for every barn, stable and hotel driving-shed beposted there will be made a definite contract in duplicate, entitling the owner to so many tickets in exchange for the use of that wall-space till the show has passed. Nay more. Upon every bill will be jotted a hieroglyphical memorandum telling by whom it was put up, at what hour, on what day, and what ticket-consideration was given therefor. It is absolutely thorough work, and is done with most lightning like expedition.

At the same time other men from the car are covering the town proper, pasting the fences and billboards, and supplying the "window-paper." Still other billing men are putting out the smaller "soft stuff"—programs, couriers, pamphlets and booklets and "magazines." They are issued in editions of 450,000; and what a circus "bill-writer" indites enjoys a circulation of 6,000,000. I w of the popular novelist. In the agents is in town doing the n

Now when that high-salar the regular advance cars rea guidance there had been se contracts entered into, and done by the general contra checked by the general agen the billing men can add his ov to the treasurer and his book circus, and, again in duplica mediately behind, and on ba car, and to the fourth. Each everything done by his predec tandem-driving, and the gene the checking reins. So thoro every last item outstanding th town in his big red ticket-w process only less amazingly s "pasteboards" a few hours afternoon the slate has been for the next day's score.

The work of the second, t is, as one would suppose, larg first. But they are all ind Thus the third is a railroad c routes within excursion distan preceding the circus by a wee his riders spin rapidly over t torn paper, and fill in places w too sparingly. Altogether worth of lithographs, printed

Correspondingly, too, to pi of the show more contracting another press agent is going paper offices. Like the man to follow, he has a certain am the managing director will tel make friends. He is paid th because he is universally g circus has "only the boots"

Three days ahead of the sh town Two of them are eme all circus business to be their thing, and like every one another individual has gone a ing burg, and what he does w system means.

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With the labors of the me preparing the way for the circ And in the case of nine hund out of a thousand it certainly manager of one of them would pected that may happen." to get up extremely early if it contrary to the prevision of a

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ernal, eternally likable. The
for the surly and the pompous.
w still more agents come into
rgency men. They have taken
ovince. They work at every
else, make full reports. Also
moothly through that unsuspect
ill further amplify what circus

' was placed, the ticket requisi
ated that said paper should be
ved by the agent of the circus
town there are several long-
w well that a circus employing
pending money by the hundred
ves upon every bit of paper its
st. Therefore, perhaps two
lows notices of strawberry fes
e those circus lithographs. It
again the day before the circus
as previously a quiet stranger
s sauntered up and down the
grocery corners. And when he
e his itemized entries say there
as made a pretty little marginal
g to the storekeeper, that got
w-day the latter presents his
He is directed to that smooth
sitting just within the main
mber of his requisition. One of
one more item in the duplicate
olitely takes the worthy man
to " the door by which *he* goes
eautiful green grass beside the
t make any explanations, but
htful language, he seems some-

three days ahead the work of
is would seem to be completed
red and ninety nine businesses
would be. " Of course," the
say, " there's always the unex-
Well, the unexpected will have
t is going to do any happening
great circus
arrives a perfect shoal of
ive in town. Another press
ces. More contractors appear
ent kind of supplies that must
of show-day. And there are a
d-for trifles. " Schy " Clarke
rs in the private office, he must
e in a town which has no fuel
gas. He must get something
d-behaved little baby elephant
ahout's hook and yet muckle
aw-hide wrapped in adhesive
erve his turn

Then there is the " layer out " whose business it is to divide an irregular fifteen-acre lot among twenty-six several tents, so that all may lie on high ground, so that there will be room for wagons to load and pass between them, so that the press tent and private office may be midway between the ticket-wagons and the main entrance, so that the menagerie tent may open into the " big top," and the " big top " open into the trapping and wardrobe and dressing rooms, so that the horses may not be too far away for the parade and the " grand spectacular," and so that the cook tent may be adjacent to one and all of them! Still another special man is examining the railway crossings and figuring out the best facilities for unloading. And another is making careful re-examination of the route of the parade. For the forty-horse band-wagon to arrive at a corner which it cannot get around, either by going forward or by going back, makes an uncommonly awkward tangle

But I imagine the reader will by this time refuse to believe in the possibility of any tangles at all. The marvel is not that there should not be trouble, but that there should be. Neither flood nor fire, battle, murder nor sudden death would seem to be able to stop the march of this gigantic millepede. And that is almost true. One show played three days after a horrible wreck which virtually cut it to pieces. Nor is this brutal callousness. A show absolutely *has* to go on. It can no more stop than a roll of paper can will to halt when going through a rotary press.

Nor again is it proper to compare it with material things. It is not its bulk and weight and magnitude which press it ever forward so irresistibly. It is a force with which there is none at all to compare in the material world. It is the force of a few paltry ounces of gray matter; it is the continuous driving impact of system; it is the irresistible momentum of the organized idea

A Low-Down Trick

WHEN the Post Office investigation began to implicate men high in the service, the subject was discussed with much concern in the councils of the Government.

The wrongdoing of one official who had given the Administration trouble in a smaller way on several previous occasions was particularly commented upon. Some words of extenuation, however, were offered on the ground that his offense was, in reality, the first serious thing against him.

That reminded the President, so the story runs, of a ranchman he had known in the West. He had a saddle-horse which, on account of various shortcomings, he named Judas Iscariot. Judas was a very unsatisfactory animal, and the cattleman was not reticent in condemnation. One morning, upon entering the barn, he found Judas dead in his stall.

The plainsman looked at his dead animal and then observed: " Judas, you've been a mean horse in your time but I'm bound to admit that you've never played me so low down a trick as this before

THOUGH HE USES SOME VERY FRIGHTFUL LANGUAGE, HE SEEMS SOMEHOW TO UNDERSTAND

A Senator of T

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

SENATOR JOHN

OF ALL the public men with whom I have served, John James Ingalls, of Kansas, was the most original and eccentric. He was a living enigma, and I could never fully understand his motives and the many-sided phases of his character He had a strong, daring intellect, which defied all limitations, and was an eloquent, attractive speaker, with a wealth of imagination and diction which was inexhaustible. He was at times cynical and morose, but was a great word-painter and could express the most elevated thoughts in language so beautiful as to fascinate his hearers. Above all, he was an iconoclast, and nothing delighted him so much as to startle and even shock the staid and dignified Senate by the utterance of opinion utterly at variance with the settled belief of many centuries

Some years before his public career ended, a remarkable article, carefully prepared by Ingalls himself, appeared, accompanied by more than twenty pictures representing him in as many different postures when addressing the Senate. In this article he declared that purity in politics was an iridescent dream and that politics meant war in which, as in actual war between armies in the field, any means were justifiable which could win victory, the only difference between political and actual warfare being that ballots were used in the first and bullets in the last. He also said that progress and evolution existed throughout the universe and that we might have in the future a new Christ and a new revelation. Of course this extraordinary statement excited much adverse criticism from political reformers and eminent divines, but Ingalls seemed indifferent to all disapproval and enjoyed very much the sensation he had created.

The first debate in which I took part after entering the United States Senate was with Ingalls. In an eloquent and vigorous speech, which he delivered at the called session of 1879, Senator Ingalls bitterly assailed the Southern whites for having caused the negro exodus from the Southern States to Kansas in the preceding year by their outrages upon the negroes who had been emancipated during the war. In concluding his address he paid a glowing tribute to the people of Kansas who had received with open arms the negroes flying from the South to an asylum in his own State, and declared that his constituents were glad to have them as citizens and neighbors.

Senator Vest's First Tilt with Ingalls

I WAS at that time a resident of Kansas City, Missouri, and lived in sight of Wyandotte, Kansas, where the first consignment of negroes from the South had been landed under the promise that they should be taken to an elysium where they would have happy homes and both political and social equality. I felt it my duty to answer the assertions of Senator Ingalls in regard to the exodus, and stated in the Senate that I had visited Wyandotte for the purpose of ascertaining the real facts, and had found about two hundred of the poor deluded negroes living in holes dug in the bank of the Missouri River—one-third of their number having died from exposure and resulting disease, the citizens of Wyandotte refusing them shelter, food or necessary clothing. I read to the Senate a circular given to me by one of the negroes, who claimed to be a citizen of Topeka, Kansas, in which the negroes were advised to leave their Southern homes and come to Kansas, where they could live in comfort and escape the oppression of their former masters. The negro who gave me this circular said he had received it at his home in Mississippi and that many thousand copies of the circular had been distributed among the negroes throughout the South. Senator Ingalls interrupted me to declare that this circular was a forgery. I replied that the paper had been given me in Wyandotte by a negro who had come with the exodus and that he could have had no motive in stating a falsehood as to when and where he obtained it. I also read to the Senate an address to the people of the United States by the mayor and principal citizens of Wyandotte, a majority of whom I knew to be Republicans, protesting against the coming to Kansas of Southern negroes, and stating that the citizens of Wyandotte and of the entire State would resist the influx of these unfortunate creatures in the future. Senator Ingalls interrupted me again to say that the signers of this address were Democrats, and, after denying his statement from personal knowledge, I asked him the direct question, whether the Mayor of Wyandotte, whose name

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

appeared as the first in the list of
always been, a staunch Republica
to answer, and his refusal to do
lieved any means justifiable to
It was impossible that Senator I
a short distance from Wyandotte
ment in regard to the exodus
caused great excitement in all p
commented upon in the newspap

Nine years after this debate
cause of an acrimonious encoun
and Senator Blackburn, of Kent

Just before the Presidential el
general political discussion to a
ing of the citizens of Washington
Ingalls, who was then chairma
District of Columbia, for the
regret that the compliment was
men tendering it could not vote
by their desire to obtain large ap
the improvement of Washingto
the next day that Ingalls was in
requested Senator Plumb to ask
to make any reply, and if he did
to know on what day he would
the city on important business th
some four or five days, and that
he addressed the Senate. Sena
a few moments with the stateme
assured him he had no intention
govern my actions accordingly.
morning, and was surprised to
two days afterward that Ingalls
in the Senate in which he snee
and myself and had attacked the
with special attention to General
of Pensions, General Winfield
Cleveland. He declared sarcast
wreck, physically and mental
Hancock for having said the tari
he declared that the election of G
had made respectable the aspir
wretch to the Presidency

The Incident of the A

SENATOR BLACKBURN repli
reason to regret his vitriolic
the autobiography of Ingalls
Directory, wherein he stated th
Civil War as a Judge Advocate
and reminded him that when Bla
upon the battlefield of Pea Ridg
his blood at Gettysburg, the Kan
the red-legs and jayhawkers, whe
that of stealing chickens and rob

Two Republics

N J. INGALLS

By G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

Blackburn was not familiar with Kansas politics and did not know that during the Civil War Senator Ingalls had been twice nominated and defeated for the office of Lieutenant Governor on the anti-Lane or Peace Party ticket. When elected to the United States Senate Ingalls had furnished the Clerk of the Congressional Directory with his biography, and in it had stated his candidacy on the Peace Party ticket for the Lieutenant Governorship, omitting all reference to his military service. After coming to the Senate and finding that the "bloody shirt" was the most effective instrumentality to secure the soldier vote, which was largely increasing in his State by reason of immigration, Ingalls changed his biography in the Directory and substituted for his candidacy for the Lieutenant Governorship his military service as Judge Advocate in the Kansas Home Guards

A Master of Flouts and Jeers

SENATOR INGALLS was a master of satire and invective, being unable to resist the temptation to attack any of his colleagues, even those of his own party, whose record or character presented a vulnerable point for assault. On one occasion, when president pro tem. of the Senate, he called another Senator to the chair and, going down on the floor, made a vicious personal attack upon Senator Brown, of Georgia, one of the most amiable and courteous members of the Senate. The venerable Georgian was sitting quietly looking over a committee report when a cyclone of satire and vituperation burst upon him without the slightest notice of its coming. The look of astonishment on the amiable countenance of the victim, as verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives and epithets filled the air, caused a ripple of amusement through the Senate; but the climax was reached when Ingalls alluded to a habit Senator Brown had, when speaking, of gently rubbing one hand over the other, by quoting Hood's lines.

> And, then in the fullness of joy and hope,
> Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water.

At this critical moment Senator Brown looked down at the offending members as if inquiring why they had brought on the volcanic eruption which was blazing about him.

About two weeks after this incident I was walking down from the Capitol with Senator Ingalls, and asked him why he had made so wanton an attack upon Senator Brown without any cause or provocation. He replied that he did not like Brown and always associated him with the character of Uriah Heep in Dickens' David Copperfield. He said that he had no ill feeling toward the Confederates who fought for the Southern cause and did not shirk the result, but that Brown had done all he could as Governor of Georgia during the war to cripple the Confederate authorities at Richmond and had refused to allow the Georgia militia to leave the State, although the Confederate armies were depleted and there were not enough men on the lines before Richmond to defend from a general assault; that Governor Brown, after the war, had joined the Republican party and voted for Grant in the National Republican Convention and at the polls. "Now," said Ingalls, "he is a red hot Democrat because the Democrats are in power all over the South."

There was about this time a rumor in Washington that the Kansas Legislature intended to pass a resolution offering to place the statue of old John Brown in Statuary Hall, and I said to Ingalls, "A good deal of your statement about Senator Brown is true, but he is not half so bad a man as old John Brown, whose statue I understand is about to be offered by the Kansas Legislature to the collection of statues of distinguished men now in the Capitol."

"Of that," said Senator Ingalls, "I know nothing, but presume the statue will be accepted by Congress."

"Not if I can help it," I said, "and I believe if you will read the life of old John Brown, which you can find in the Congressional Library, written and published by a gentleman named Brown, now living at Freeport, Illinois, who owned and edited the first Free Soil newspaper printed in Kansas, the Herald of Freedom, which was destroyed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats during the troubles after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, you will think my opposition is justifiable."

The movement to place Brown's statue in Statuary Hall was for some reason dropped, and I have always suspected that the conversation between Ingalls and myself had something to do with that result

signers, was not, and had not
an. This question he declined
so satisfied me that he be-
success in a political warfare
ngalls, who lived at Atchison,
e, did not know that my state-
was true, as the matter had
arts of his State and had been
bers for many weeks.
e I was unintentionally the
ater between Senator Ingalls
ucky.
ection of 1888 I alluded in a
resolution adopted at a meet-
declaring in favor of Senator
n of the Committee on the
Presidency, and I expressed
an empty one, as the gentle-
and were possibly influenced
ppropriations in Congress for
n City. Being informed on
itated by what I had said, I
his colleague if he intended
, to say that I should be glad
lo so, as I expected to leave
e next morning, to be absent
I wished to be present when
ator Plumb returned to me in
nt that Senator Ingalls had
of speaking and that I could
I left Washington the next
read in the New York papers
had delivered a bitter speech
eringly alluded to Blackburn
Democratic party generally,
John C. Black, Commissioner
S. Hancock and President
ically that Black was a total
lly, and ridiculed General
ff was a local measure, while
rover Cleveland as President
ations of the most degraded

mended Biography

ed to him and gave Ingalls
utterances. Blackburn read
in the last Congressional
at he had served during the
n the Kansas Home Guards,
ck lay desperately wounded
e and Hancock was spilling
sas Senator was serving with
ose principal occupation was
bing widows and orphans.

A story was published soon after Senator Ingalls delivered his eulogy upon James N. Burnes in the Senate that a portion of his address had been plagiarized from the great sermon of Massillon on Immortality. This report was untrue, as I have compared the speech of Ingalls with the sermon, and, though there is some similarity in thought and language, there is no evidence that Ingalls was guilty of plagiarism. Indeed it would be impossible for me to believe that any man with the marvelous talent of Ingalls, both as to thought and diction, could be guilty of copying from even so great an orator as Massillon.

I do not believe that Ingalls was malicious or bad-hearted. He was an expert in denunciation and could not resist the temptation of exhibiting his wonderful capability in that regard to the world. He loved poetry, music, painting, sculpture and the beautiful in Nature. His prose poem on Blue Grass, published in a Kansas magazine before he came to the United States Senate, is a marvel in literature, and I am glad to know that a sentence from that essay is to be inscribed on the granite boulder which marks his grave. The sentence is one in which he eulogizes the Blue Grass sward, beneath which he sleeps, as a "carpet for the infant and a blanket for the dead."

The Publisher's Traveler

THERE is a belief quite generally accepted that publishers are engaged in a semi-profession rather than in trade; and although the modern exploitation of books has something of the odor of trade in it, it is well, all things considered, to give the publisher the benefit of the doubt.

The publisher's traveler, therefore, might be pardoned for resenting the shock to his sensibilities when a "saleslady" betrays total ignorance of nice distinctions in the nomenclature of publishing.

It was the traveler's maiden trip. He was fully alive (in those days) to the dignity of his calling and displayed a modest and retiring disposition that would have drawn from a real drummer a snort of disgust. When he entered the book-shop the young saleswoman was chewing gum and reading a fascinating volume of The Duchess. The young lady eyed him calmly and greeted him with "Well!" "I am Mr. Blank and I represent Harpster's Sons, Publishers," responded the traveler stiffly. The laconic young woman calmly kicked open the door in the rear of the shop and cried, still chewing, "Sa-ay, Mr. Smith, here's ... to fine sensibilities, but it g... tion and taught him that th...

But that came afterwar... deeply offended and showe... woman by treating her wi... temptuous indifference"— ... practically induced the bo... fifty copies of The Love ... gentleman, who depended ... assistant as to the salabil... advice upon the size of the ... is dead ones. We couldn't ... ten copies was the order tha...

A few years later, when t... to sell books were in propo... was receiving, he would hav... ent fashion. As he entered ... off his hat very politely, and ... his countenance he would ... "Good-morning. I see yo... my favorite. Eyes of Blu... got an extra book in my ... first one off the press and ... the fly-leaf. I'll bring it ... tuck it away in your own li... it." "My!" the girl wou... I just love autograph copi... up his order the traveler wo... on the part of the saleslady ...

The traveler must first of... edge of human nature. To... patience, intelligence and ... are the elementals in any b... his honest judgment at th... knows the books he is sell... time nor opportunity to ge... the truth always about a b... of an order, but in the lon... dence and larger orders. ... soon teaches a salesman t... plug" (sells him too many ... to sell well) the stack of u... eloquent monument to his f...

It is taken for granted th... knowledge of the contents ... it is by the author of The P... copies were sold, means l... Tit is guilty of nodding, a...

THE B...

By Alfred Henr...

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyr...

CHAPTER XX

WHEN now I was rich with double millions I became harrowed of new thoughts ... so was with new ambitions. Blossom was at the bottom of it—Blossom looking from her window of young womanhood upon a world she did not understand and from which she drew away. The world was like a dark room to Blossom, with an imagined fiend to harbor in every corner of it. She must go forth among people of manners and station. Their contact would mend her shyness; with time and usage she might find herself a pleasant place in life. Now she lived a morbid creature of sorrow which had no name—a twilight soul of loneliness! and the thought of curing this went with me day and night.

Nor was I unjustified of authority.

"Send your daughter into society," said that physician to whom I put the question. "It will be the true medicine for her case. It is her nerves that lack in strength; society with its dinners and balls and fêtes and the cheerful hubbub of drawing-rooms should find them exercise and restore them."

Anne did not believe with that savant of nerves. She distrusted my society plans for Blossom.

"You think they will taunt her with the fact of me," I said, "like that one who showed her the ape cartoon as a portrait of her father. But Blossom is grown a woman now. Those whom I want her to meet would be silenced by politeness, even if nothing else might serve to stay their tongues from such allusions. And I think she would be liked among them, for Blossom is beautiful, and you of all should know how she has fineness, and owns to education and taste."

"But it is not her nature," pleaded Anne. "Blossom would be as much hurt among those men and women of the drawing-rooms as though she walked, barefoot, over flints."

For all that Anne might say, I persisted in my resolve. Blossom must be saved against herself by an every-day encounter with those of her ... I had more faith than Anne ... must be kindness and sym... the world, and a countenan... much goodness as Blossom's ... she should find it; and the ... would let in the sun upon ... ence now overcast with cl... would win her from her l... and those terrors without re... to my mind were a kind of ... that might deepen unless ch...

Full of my great intention ... into a new home—a little ... its way and one that cost me ... I cared nothing for the cost; ... was in the centre of that ... the socially select. From ... should conquer those allian... for her happiness.

Being thus fortunately fou... fidence. He was a patricia... and I knew I might have bo... what was in my heart. W... Morton he stood at gaze li... inevitable eyeglass dropped ...

"You must pardon my st... a beastly rude thing to do. ... and depth, and who was ha... himself so badly guided as t...

"You, yourself, are in it, ...

"That should be charg... rather than design. I am i... fortunate tree might be fo...

a drummer." It was a rude shock
ave the traveler a sense of propor-
ere is always another point of view.
l. At that particular time he was
d his resentment toward the young
h what he characterized as "con-
with the result that when he had
okseller to buy two hundred and
Letters of a Washerwoman, that
not a little on the judgment of his
ty of light literature, asked her
rder. She replied: "Love-letters
t sell more'n ten copies." And
t Harpster's Sons received.
hat particular salesman's abilities
rtion to the much larger salary he
e handled the situation in a differ-
the book-shop he would have taken
with a cheerful grin illuminating
have said in his heartiest tones,
u are reading The Duchess. She's
e is a corker, isn't it? Say, I've
trunk you ought to read. It's the
has got the author's signature on
down this afternoon and you can
brary when you're through with
ld have beamed, "that's grand.
es." And when Mr. Smith made
ould not have lacked for loyalty

all have a good working knowl-
this he must add tact, industry,
honesty; traits of character that
usiness. He should always place
e disposal of the customer. He
ing and the customer has neither
t acquainted with them. To tell
ook means a reduction in the size
g run it means the buyer's confi-
An excursion into negative ethics
hat if "he loads a dealer with a
copies of a book that is not likely
nsold copies will be a mute but
olly on his next visit.
at the traveler should have some
of his books. Simply to say that
ride of Tom-Tit, of which 150,000
ittle. Even the author of Tom-
nd the salesman ought to be able
to tell the buyer his book is good
book. But theory should always be ready to learn a lesson
from practice; for the best of salesmen have a hoary old argu-
ment which in these days of commercialism proves quite
potent. A young traveler overheard a conversation between
an older and wiser salesman and the buyer for a large book-
store. The young traveler had happened to read the book in
serial form; so he was not averse to eavesdropping to learn
from the older man a lesson in the art of selling. When his
older confrère vaguely described the book with not a few
mistakes of fact, he at once felicitated himself that even with
his inexperience he could have done so much better. But the
climax of the argument arrested his attention and tumbled his
pride into ruins about his feet. "—and," continued the
older traveler, a note of finality in his voice, "the firm is
going to advertise it like thunder!" The lesson was learned.
The younger man with his eyes fixed on the stars had stumbled
over a nugget of gold

Aside from selling the traveler is of great service to his
house His opinion of a book is concerned less with its lit-
erary than its commercial value. Without being able to de-
it many book salesmen can gauge the initial selling value
a book, and publishers who appreciate that quality in the
travelers often base the size of the first edition on their sales-
man's *ipse dixit*. His advice is often sought on the make-
of the book; for books, like men, are often misjudged
their clothes. There are notable examples to show that
books have sold in immense quantities in spite of a
appearance; on the other hand, indifferent subject-matter
been helped to success by good taste in printing and bind-

This commercial instinct as opposed to the liter-
ludicrously illustrated in an anecdote, which shows on
part of the traveler both a sense of humor and ready abil-
to escape from an embarrassing situation. He was wax
eloquent over the particular novel he was selling, but
description was so vague and general that the buyer rat
suspected that the traveler really hadn't read the book. "I
the sort of book that will make you sit up all night,"
stammered, groping for ideas—"you—you don't want
turn the gas off," he continued on a fresh spurt, "until y
have read the last page. It's—it's——" "But what
about?" quickly asked the buyer, hoping to catch him
ping. "It's about—it's about a dollar and a half," was
quick retort.

It is needless to say that the ready retort cleared the at-
phere and put the customer into that mellowness of
that influences not a little the size of an order. For
entente cordiale has its place in the diplomacy of busi-
no less than in affairs of state.

O S S

ry Lewis

ght in Great Britain

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s Thus
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readings
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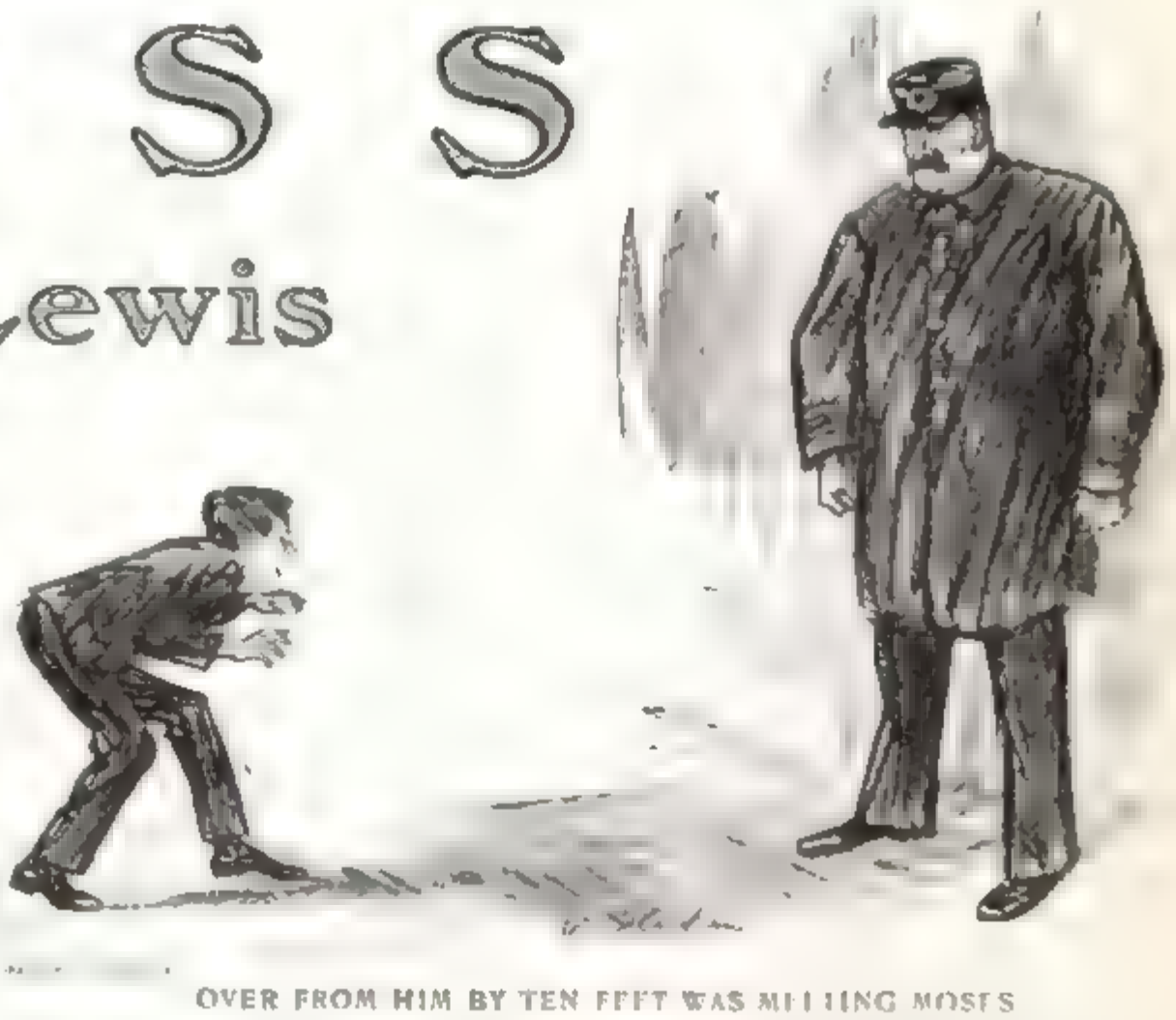
ntensity
ocked
, I moved
palace in
fortune.
the house
region of
this fine castle of gilt Blossom
ces which were to mean so much

nded, I took Morton into my con-
n by birth and present station;
th his hand and his counsel for
Then I laid open my thought to
ke one planet struck, while that
from his amazed nose.
aring," said he at last. "It was
I was surprised that one of force
ppily outside society, should find
o seek to enter it."
" said I.
ed," he returned "to accident
n society precisely as some un-
und in the middle of its native



OVER FROM HIM BY TEN FEET WAS MELTING MOSES

swamp, and only because I lack the energy to make the
transplantation. Let me tell you one thing," continued
Morton, getting up to walk the floor. "Your
into what we'll style the Four Hundred might
brought about. You have now wide wealth;
itself should be enough, as the annals of our Four
offer ample guarantee. But more than that stamp
ment of your power, and how you, in your peculi
are unique. For the latter cause, swelldom would
you with spread arms. But, believe me, if it
ness you came seeking you would miss it mightily. There
is more laughter in Third Avenue than in Fifth

"For all that," I said, "I stick by my determi
ask your help. It is of Blossom I am think
I am not so ambitious."

Morton, at this, relapsed into his customary
moral, mental Lah-de-dah, and his lisp and

his eyeglass found their old-time places. He shrugged his shoulders in his manner of the superfine.

"Why then," said he, "and seeing that you will have no other way for it, you may command my services."

While the work put upon me by my place as Boss had never an end, but filled both my day and my night to overflowing, it brought with it compensation. If I was ground and worn away on the wheel of my position like a knife on a grindstone, still I was kept to keenest edge, and I felt that joy I've sometimes thought a good blade must taste in the sheer fact of its trenchant quality. Besides, there would now and then arrive a moment that taught me how roundly I had conquered, and touched me with that sense of power which offers the highest pleasure whereof the soul of man is capable. Here is an example of what I mean, although I do not believe the thing could happen in any country save America or any city other than New York.

It was one evening at my own door, when that judge who once sought to fix upon me the murder of Jimmy the Blacksmith came tapping for an interview. His term was nearing its close, and his mean purpose was none better than to plead for his place again. I will not say the man was abject; but then the thought of his mission, added to a memory of that relation to each other in which it was aforetime our one day's fate to have stood, choked me with contempt. I shall let his conduct go by without further characterization; and yet, for myself, had our fortunes been reversed and he the Boss and I the judge, before I had been discovered in an attitude of office-begging from one whom I once plotted to kill I would have died against the wall. But so it was; my visitor would labor with me for a renomination

My first impulse was one of destruction; I would put him beneath the wheel and crush out the breath of his hopes. And then came Big Kennedy's warning to avoid revenge when moved of nothing broader than a reason of revenge. I sat and gazed mutely upon that judge for a space; he, having told his purpose, awaited my decision without more words. I grew cool, and cunning began to have the upper hand of violence in my breast. If I cast him down the papers would credit it to the workings of my vengeance. If, on the other hand, he were to be returned, it would speak for my moderation, and prove me one who in the exercise of his power lifted himself above the personal. I resolved to continue him; the more since the longer I considered the clearer it grew that my revenge, instead of being starved thereby, would find in it a feast.

"You tried to put a rope about my neck," said I at last.

"I was misled as to the truth," he returned.

"Still, you put a stain upon me," I insisted. "There are thousands who believe me guilty of bloodshed, and of that you shall clear me by printed word."

"I am ever ready to repair an error," said he.

Within the week, with black ink and white paper, my judge in peril set forth how since my trial he had gone utterly to the ends of that death of Jimmy the Blacksmith in its history. I was, he said, an innocent man, having had neither part nor lot therein.

I remember that over the glow of triumph wherewith I read his words there came stealing the chill shadow of grief Those phrases of exoneration would not recall poor Apple Cheek, nor restore Blossom to that poise and even balance from which she had been shaken on a day before her birth. For all the sorrow of it, however, I made good my word; and I have since thought that whether our judge deserved the place or no, to say the least he earned it.

Every man has his model, and mine was Big John Kennedy. This was in a way of nature, for I had found Big Kennedy in my boyhood, and it is then and then only when one need look for his great men. When once you have grown a beard you will meet with few heroes and make to yourself few friends; wherefore you should the more cherish those whom your fortunate youth has furnished

Big Kennedy was my exemplar, and there arose few conditions to frown upon me with a problem to be solved when I did not consider what Big Kennedy would have done in the face of a like contingency. Nor was I to one side of the proprieties in such a course. Now, when I glance backward down that steep aisle of endeavor up which I've come, I recall occasions—and some meant for my honor—when I met presidents, governors, grave jurists, reverend senators, and others highest in the land. They talked and they listened, did these mighty ones; they gave me their views and their reasons for them, and heard mine in return; and all as equal might encounter equal in a commerce of level terms And yet, choose as I may, I have not the name of him who in a pure integrity of force, or that wisdom which makes men follow, was the master of Big Kennedy. My old chief won all his wars within the organization, and that is the last best test of leadership. He made no backward steps, but climbed to a final supremacy and sustained himself. I was justified in steering by Big Kennedy. Respect aside, I would have been wrecked had I not done so. That man who essays to live with no shining example to show his feet the path, is as one who, wanting

less midnight, urges forth into re

Not only did I observe those st
Big Kennedy, both by precept an
but I picked up his alliances; an
my eyes, and came to be obser
could tell of a day when he c
dence. It was a brevet I alwa
One such was the Reverend Bro
regeneration of the Five Points
money or countenance in his lab
Kennedy would have done, and g

It would seem, also, that I had
of this good man than had gone

"YES, INDEED! HE'S AS HOT A P
DOWN TH

one thing, I had pruned my lang
nesses of speech which loaded
Kennedy, and cultivated, in th
verbal cleanliness which put the
ease in my society. I remembe
heard him say that he took me fo

It was upon a time when I
learning; for the gloom of it w
now and then I would cry out a
a burden hard to bear. I shall
prise that showed in the Rever
the good it did me

"You amaze me!" he cried
you employ, I should not have
servation is dulled, or you speak
I who have seen a college."

This was true by more than
have no glint of letters and bur
was wont to listen closely to the
books; and in that manner, and b
a decent speech, just as a musicia

"Still I have no education,"
Bronson spoke of his surprise

"But you have, though," retu
come by that education in the co

That good speech alone, and th
my heart, more than repaid me f
request of the Reverend Bronson
I told him so. But I fear I set
vanity than to do a reader service
fierce with me I will get onward

One afternoon the Reverend Br
bedraggled boy, whose years—
beneath a size—should have bee

"Can't you find something thi
Reverend Bronson. "He has no
home—he seems utterly friendles
far as I have sounded him, and
kind of animal sharpness, like th
weasel, I can think of nothing to
could live. Even the streets see
police for some reason pursue hi
It was in a magistrate's court I
dragged there by an officer, and
reformatory if I had not rescued

"And would not that have been
asked, rather to hear the Reverend
I believed in my own query. Asi
of liberty in the largest sense, n
led me to believe that our reform
hear of him who was not made wo

"No one should be locked up
Bronson," who has not shown hi

a lantern and upon a moon-
gions utterly unknown.
atutes for domination which
d example, had given me,
d that one was the better in
ved with wider favor, who
rried Big Kennedy's confi-
ys honored with my own.
nson, still working for the
. He often came to me for
ors, and I did ever as Big
ranted his request.
more of the acquaintance
to my former leader. For

ROPOSITION AS EVER WENT
LINE"

guage of those slangy rude-
d the conversation of Big
heir stead, softness and a
Reverend Bronson at more
er with what satisfaction I
r a person of education.
had told him of my little
s upon me constantly, and
gainst it, and speak of it as
not soon forget the real sur-
rend Bronson's face, nor yet

"Now, from the English
guessed it. Either my ob-
as much by grammar as do

half, since like many who
ning with the shame of it, I
talk of every one learned of
y imitation, I taught myself
n might catch a tune by ear.
I said, when the Reverend

rned he, "only you did not
mmon way."
e comfort of it to curl about
or all I ever did or gave by
, and it pleases me to think
down these things rather in
, and before patience turns
with my story.
onson came leading a queer,
for all he was stunted and
fourteen.
is lad may do?" asked the
either father nor mother nor
s. He has no capacity so
while he is possessed of a
he sharpness of a hawk or a
set him about by which he
m closed to him, since the
im and arrest him on sight.
found him. He had been
would have been sent to a
him."
the best place for him?" I
Bronson's reply than because
de from being a born friend
ny own experience has not
atories reform. I've yet to
rse by a term in any prison.
n," contended the Reverend
mself unfit to be free. That is not this boy's case, I think; he has had no chance; the police, according to that magistrate who gave him into my hands, are relentless against him, and pick him up on sight."

"And are not the police good judges of these matters?" I urged.

"I would not trust their judgment," returned the Reverend Bronson. "There are many noble men upon the rolls of the police." Then, with a dubious look: "For the most part, however, they stand at the head of the criminal classes, and might best earn their salaries by arresting one another."

At this I smiled, for it showed how my reverend visitor's years along the Bowery had not come and gone without lending him some bitterness of wit.

"Leave the boy here," said I at last; "I'll find him work to live by, if it be no more than just sitting outside my door and playing usher to those who call upon me."

"Melting Moses is the only name he has given me," said the Reverend Bronson as he took his leave. "I suppose, if one might get at it, that he has another."

"Melting Moses should do very well," said I.

Melting Moses looked wistfully after the Reverend Bronson when the latter departed, and I could tell by that how the urchin regretted the going of the dominie as one might regret the going of an only friend.

Somehow, the lad's forlorn state grew upon me, and I made up my mind to serve as his protector for a time at least. He was a shrill child of the Bowery, was Melting Moses, and spoke a kind of gutter dialect that was one-half slang and the other a patter of the thieves and hard to understand. My first business was to send him out with the janitor of the building to have him thrown into a bathtub, and then buttoned into a new suit of clothes. Melting Moses submitted dumbly to these improvements, being rather resigned than pleased; and later, with the same docility, he went home to sleep at the janitor's house. Through the day he would take up his post at my door and act as herald to what visitors might come.

Being washed and combed and decently arrayed, Melting Moses, with black eyes and a dark elfin face, made no bad figure of a boy. For all his dwarfishness I found him surprisingly strong, and as active as a monkey. He had all the love and loyalty of a collie dog for me, and within the first month of his keeping my door he would have cast himself into the river if I had asked him for that favor. Little by little, scrap by scrap, Melting Moses gave me his story. Put together in his words, it ran like this:

"Me fadder kept a joint in Kelly's Alley; d' name of d' joint was d' Door of Death, see! It was a hot number, an' lots of trouble got pulled off inside. He used to fence for d' guns an' dips, too, me fadder did; an' w'en one of 'em got a super or a rock, an' wanted d' quick dough, he brought it to me fadder, who chucked down d' stuff, an' no questions asked. One day a big trick comes off—a jooeler's winder, or somet'ing like that. Me fadder is in it from d' outside, see! An' so he does a sneak, an' gets away, 'cause d' cops is layin' to pinch him. Me fadder gets put wise to this be a mug who hangs out about d' Central office, an' so he sherries like I says.

"At that, d' Captain, who's out to do me fadder, toins sore all t'rough. W'en me fadder sidesteps into New Joisey or some'ers, d' Captain sends along a couple of his harness bulls from Mulberry Street an' dey pinches me mudder, who ain't had nothin' to do wid d' play at all. Dey rings for d funny wagon, an' takes me mudder to d' station. D' Captain he gives her d' eye, an' asts where me fadder is. She says she can't put him on, 'cause she ain't on herself. Wit' that dis Captain t'rows her d' big chest, see! an' says he'll give her d' t'ree d'grees if she don't hand out d' news. But she gives him d' old gag—she ain't on. So then d' Captain has her put in a cell, an' dey give her d' thoid degree.

"Next day d' Captain puts her in d' street. But w'at's d' use? She's off her trolley, an' totns sick, an' in a week she croaks. D' sawbones gets her for d' colleges."

Melting Moses shed tears at this point. When he recovered he went on:

"Dat's about all," he concluded. "W'en me mudder was gone d' cops toined in to do me. D' Captain said he was goin' to clean up d' fam'ly; so he gives d' orders, an' every time I'd show up on d' line I'd git d' collar. It was one of dem times w'en d' w'ite choker, who passes me on to you, gets his lamps on me, an' begs me off from d' judge, see!"

Melting Moses wept a deal during his relation, and I was not without being moved by it myself. I gave the boy what consolation I might, by assuring him that he was safe with me, and that no policeman should threaten him; after which the subject of Melting Moses' past was allowed to sleep. A tale of trouble, and particularly if told by a child, ever had power to disturb me, and I did not question Melting Moses concerning his father and mother a second time. Nor would he, of his own motion, refer to it; doubtless, he found it even less pleasant that did I myself.

My noble nonentity—for whom I will say that he allowed me to finger him for offices and contracts as a musician fingers the keyboard of a piano, and play upon him what tunes of profit I saw fit—was mayor, and the town wholly in my hands, with a Tammany man in every office, when there occurred the first of a train of events which in their passage were to plow a furrow in my destinies so deep that all the years to come after have not served to smooth it away. I was engaged at my desk with some papers when Melting Moses announced a caller

"She's a dame in black," said Melting Moses; "an' she's one of d' Fift' Avenoo squeeze all right, a l right."

Melting Moses, now he was fed and dressed, went through the days with uncommon spirit, and when not thinking on his mother would be gay enough. My visitors interested him even more than they did me, and when he announced them he would hazard his surmise as to both their origins and their errands. I was accustomed to these confidences on the part of Melting Moses, and received them without comment or reproof

"Show her in," I said

My visitor was a widow, as I could tell by her mourning weeds. She was past middle life; gray, with hollow cheeks and pleading eyes

"My name is Van Flange," said she "The Reverend Bronson asked me to call upon you It's about my son; he's ruining us by his gambling."

Then the Widow Van Flange told of her son's infatuation, and how blacklegs in Barclay Street were fleecing him with roulette and faro bank. I listened to her story with patience While I would not find it on my program to come to her relief, still I aimed at respect for one whom the Reverend Bronson had indorsed. I was willing to please that good man, for I liked him much since he spoke in commendation of my English. Besides, if angered, the Reverend Bronson would be capable of trouble. He was so thoroughly and so practically in the heart of the East Side that he could not fail to have a tale to tell that would do Tammany Hall no good, but only harm. Wherefore I in nowise cut short the complaints of the Widow Van Flange. I heard her to the end, training my face to sympathy as though her story were not one common est of the town

"You may be sure, madam," said I when the Widow Van Flange had finished, "that, not only for the Reverend Bronson's sake, but for your own, I shall do all I may to rescue your son. I have no personal knowledge of that gambling den of which you speak, nor of those sharpers who conduct it. That knowledge belongs with the police. The number you give, however, is in Captain Gothecore's precinct. We'll send for him, if you'll wait." With that I rang my desk-bell for Melting Moses. "Send for Captain Gothecore," said I. I saw the boy's black eyes flame up in a way to puzzle at the sound of Gothecore's name

CHAPTER XXI

WHILE the Widow Van Flange and I sat waiting the coming of Gothecore the lady gave me further leaves of her story. The Van Flange family was old. It had been honorable and high in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, and when the town was called New Amsterdam. The Van Flanges had found their source among the wooden shoes and spinning-wheels of the ancient Dutch, and were duly proud. They had been rich; but now they were reduced, counting—she and her boy—no more than two hundred thousand dollars for their fortune The son over whom she wept was the last Van Flange; there was no one beyond him to wear the name. This, to the mother, made his case the more desperate; for, tainted of her caste, she was borne upon by pride of family almost as much as by maternal love The son was a drunkard; his taste for alcohol was congenital, and held him in a grip that could not be unloosed And he was wasting their substance what small riches remained to them were running away at a rate that would soon leave nothing. The fleecers who held him among them would have the final dollar

"But why do you furnish him money?" said I "You should keep him without a penny"

"True," responded the Widow Van Flange, "but those who pillage my son have found a way to make me powerless. There is a restaurant near this gambling den. The latter, refusing him credit and declining his checks, send him always takes my son's check and know the whole process," co a sob catching in her throat to see if anything might be

"But those checks," I o for you have told me how yo

And that is it," return must pay them to keep hi fused, they were about to a check My own attorney My son, himself, takes adva stripped of the last shilling be disgraced. Practicing u to play into the hands of th may know what he is about quarter I have been forced sand dollars. I see no way the Widow Van Flange's fac

While the Widow Van Fl his downhill courses, I shall interference. The gambler well as a source of money. none of mine; but, as I've her story, to compliment t suggested her visit. In the the police; they might be through the tangle to the a machine. Indeed, this same of the affair. Expert with could so run with the hare the hounds. Softly, sympat Widow Van Flange; and sh her cause had found a friend

As the Widow Van Fla brought to sudden silence screeching cry such as migh beast in a heat of fury. I and flung open the door

Gothecore was standing o to my message. Over fro Moses, his shoulders narrow with brows drawn down and was slowly backing away rather like some cat-creature

On his side, Gothecore's f picture. He was red with

to this restaurant-keeper. He gives him the money for it. I ncluded the Widow Van Flange, , " for I've had my son watched, done to save him."

bserved, " should be worthless, ur son has no money of his own." ed the Widow Van Flange; " I from prison. Once, when I re rrest him for giving a worthless warned me they might do this ntage of it. I would sooner be than suffer the Van Flanges to on my fears, he does not scruple ose who plot his downfall. You when I tell you that within the to pay over twenty-seven thou- for it but to be destroyed." And e twitched with despair.

ange and I talked of her son and not pretend that I pondered any s were a power in politics, as The business of saving sons was said, I was willing, by hearing he Reverend Bronson, who had end, I would shift the burden to relied upon to find their way dvantage of themselves and the e Gothecore would easily dispose practice, there was none who while pretending to course with hetically, he would talk with the e would depart in the belief that in Gothecore.

ange and I conversed we were by a strange cry. It was a mad ht have come from some tigerish was upon my feet in a moment,

utside, having come in deference n him by ten feet was Melting ved in a feline way, crouching, features in a snarl of hate. He from Gothecore; not in fear, but , measuring for a spring.

ace offered an equally forbidding rage, and his bulldog jaws had closed like a trap. Altogether, I never beheld a more inveterate expression, like malice gone to seed

I seized Melting Moses by the shoulder, and so held him back from flying at Gothecore with teeth and claws.

" He killed me mudder!" cried Melting Moses, struggling in my fingers like something wild.

When the janitor with whom Melting Moses lived had carried him off—and, at that, the boy must be dragged away by force—I turned to Gothecore.

" What was the trouble?" I asked

" Why do you stand for that young whelp?" he cried in return. " I won't have it!"

" The boy is doing you no harm," said I

" I won't have it!" he cried again The man was like a maniac

" Let me tell you one thing," I retorted, looking him between the eyes; " unless you walk with care and talk with care you are no better than a lost man. One word, one look, and I'll snuff you out between my thumb and finger as I might a candle."

There must have been that which showed formidable in my manner, for Gothecore stood as though stunned. The vicious insolence of the scoundrel had exploded the powder in my temper like a coal of fire. Recovering myself, I pointed the way to my room

" Go in," said I; " I've business with you."

Gothecore seemed to recall himself to steadiness. Without more words he entered my door; and then, with as much dignity as I might summon in the track of such a storm, I presented him to the Widow Van Flange. She had heard the sound of our differences; but, taken with her own troubles, she made no account of them.

The Widow Van Flange received the rather boorish salutation of Gothecore in a way politely finished. Upon my hint she gave him her story. Gothecore assumed a look at once professional and deprecatory

" An' now you're done, Madam," said Gothecore, giving that slight police cough by which he intimated for himself a limitless wisdom—" an' now you're done, Madam, let me chip in a word. I've knowed your son, now, goin' on three year—ever since he comes out o' college. I don't want to discourage you, Madam; but to put it to you on th' square, Billy Van Flange is a warm member. I leave it to you to say if I ain't right. Yes, indeed! he's as hot a proposition as ever went down th' line "

Here the eye of Gothecore wandered toward the ceiling, recalling the mad pranks of young Van Flange

" But these gamblers are destroying him," urged the Widow Van Flange " Is there no way to shield him? Surely you should know how to punish them and keep him out of their hands!"

" I know that gang of card sharps in Barclay Street," remarked Gothecore; " an' they're a bunch of beauts at that. But let me go on. I'll tell you what we can do; and then I'll tell you why it won't be fly to do it. In th' finish, however, it will all be up to you, Madam. We'll act on any steer you hand us. If you say ' pinch! ' ' pinch! ' goes.

" But as I was tellin'. I'm dead on to Billy Van Flange; I know him like a gambler knows an ace. He hits up th' bottle pretty stiff at that, an' any man who finds him sober has got to turn out hours earlier than I do. An' I'll tell you another thing, Madam: This Billy Van Flange is a tough mug to handle. More'n once I've tried to point him for home, an' every time it was a case of nothin' doin'. Sometimes he shed tears, an' sometimes he wanted to scrap; sometimes he'd give me th' laugh, an' sometimes he'd throw a chest an' talk about havin' me fired off th' force for insultin' a gentleman. He'd run all the way from th' sob or th' fiery eye to th' gay face or th' swell front, accordin' as he was jagged."

While Gothecore thus descanted the Widow Van Flange buried her face in her handkerchief. She heard his every word, however; and when Gothecore again consulted the ceiling she signed for him to go on

" Knowin' New York as I do," continued Gothecore, " I may tell you, Madam, that every time I get my lamps on that son of yours I hold up my mits in wonder to think that he ain't been killed." The Widow Van Flange started; her anxious face emerged from the handkerchief. " That's on

(Continued on Page 32)

OSSOM

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A man of one idea spells it with a big I.

¶ A friend who tells all seldom gets a second chance.

¶ A truly religious man never considers the denomination of the collection plate

¶ That prosperity dollar which rolled through Wall Street looked like thirty cents before it got out

¶ Patti comes over for another farewell tour just as Russia is announcing another evacuation of Manchuria.

¶ Thus far Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has not placed on his tariff schedule any duty on American heiresses.

¶ Last year the people settled the coal strike. This year they are settling the coal bills—and the bills include the strike.

Efficiency Above Party

KING EDWARD is taking a hand in English politics with a view to putting "efficiency above party." That is, whether Tory or Liberal was in, the important permanent places in the administration of the British Empire have been filled with the representatives of the nobility and gentry, the "flanneled fools at the wicket and muddied oafs at the goal"; the result has been the appalling spread of dry rot; and now the King purposes to have a grand "shake-up."

Some there are who are wailing over the "blow at the vitals of the party system." And there seems to be an impression that only party can carry on public administration. But is this impression sound? Is it not true in public administration as in private that what is wanted is not a clique, a faction, a band—where responsibility cannot be fixed—but a *man?* The party idea arose when every nation was divided into hostile camps that gradually segregated into two. Is there not reason to think that we may some day outgrow that state?

The Touch of a Vanished Hand!

HAND power? It is rapidly becoming a thing of the past! In every line, machine power is more and more displacing it. In fact, so many things have already been taken away from the hand and so many more will shortly be taken away, that if, as the old-time hymn-writer rhythmically tells us, Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, he will find his own hands pretty full in looking up sufficient of the mischief

There has just come the news of the latest triumph of mechanics over the hand. In an institution for children, in one of the Western States, a spanking machine has been adopted! And the superintendent glowingly tells of the smoothness of its worki
adaptability to individu

But if spanking goe
honored, nothing more
human hand to do the
loses here, where can it
for the touch of a van Jo
expressed it: for thus w
bewail the passing of an

The spanking machi
in the thought! For, n
on a large scale there w
use at home. "For the
so proceed an infinitu
good poet once sang. T
will be complete withou

Imagine the business
well-ordered household
naughty? The good
machine, will continue
it with her left hand, w
Johnny himself through
And as history is boun
his objurgations with th
hurts him.

Science and machine
the world! How Natur
ground! "Whatever th
before long there pron
"Hands were made bef
but mark the wonderful
Note the wonderful st
thousand lines!

A collection of keys
and clothes are washe
chinery adds and multi
sings and talks and cou

There is still a chanc
accomplished, for exam
the especial use of Gov
constituents without a h

"Thro' the ages, one
purpose is the triumph
go to use our hands," s
his characters say B
surely say "machines."

And thus the rhythi
Western institution is
token. Its regularity o
adjustability, the ease
The slipper and the ha
hand, but all in vain.
hair-brush failed.

The Yards

PROSPERITY is mea
invested. Investm
most universal of these
wants to own a house of
ing. To the condition
should look for the sign

How is it with the b
as active as they were a
are they less active?

Between such prospe
there is a huge gap. In
sive prosperity is not w
times. And even if we
year ago, we could st
depression. But it wo
the river which has be
back to its banks.

An Over

"HOW do you sell
asked, and he re
babies."

If we examine the fact
of older growth maint
games are the same wi
supply the vanities and
Chicago Board of Trad
of the United States con
a year to the sharpers w
the same old scheme o
baiting until the victim
the activity of the law t
seekers for counterfeit
ages of valueless paper.
to trust the banks and
hoards burnt in the stov
the great crash of indust
of millions of dollars, no
the costly credulity of
exaggerations so beauti
is hard to believe that a

ng, its easy regulation, its marvelous
nal needs, its broad success.
es, all goes. Nothing is more time-
deep-rooted, than the right of the
spanking of the world. If the hand
retain its hold? Alas, nowhere! "O
ed hand!" as Tennyson prophetically
will children of generations to come
n ancient rite.
ne! What fascinating certainties lurk
ow that its virtues have been so proven
ill be machines made for individual
ere'll be littler ones to smite 'em, and
n," as, with a slight paraphrasing, a
The spanking machine! No household
t one. Children will cry for it!
like precision of punishments in the
l of the future. Has Johnny been
nother, busied, say, at her sewing-
her task of running his shirt through
hile with a fine delicacy she shoves
the spanking machine with her right.
d to repeat itself, she will punctuate
e remark that it hurts her more than it

ry—how they are fast revolutionizing
e is more and more put into the back-
y hand findeth to do——" Yes. But
oses to be so very little to be done!
fore knives," comments Dean Swift,
deposition of hands since his time.
rides of science and mechanics in a

and levers writes our letters; dishes
d by cranks and cogs and rolls; ma-
plies and subtracts for us; machinery
nts
e for the inventor. One thing to be
ple, is the making of a machine for
ernors and Congressmen to welcome
andshake
increasing purpose runs," and that
of machine power. "Be assured, we
Shakespeare somewhere makes one of
t if he were writing now he would

nic working of the machine in the
a symbol and a type, a sign and a
f stroke puts the hand to shame. Its
of its regulation, fills a crying want
ir-brush attempted to supersede the
Machinery wins where slipper and

stick of Prosperity

sured by surplus. Surplus must be
ent means new enterprises; and the
is building, because the average man
his own building, or at least improv-
of the building trades, therefore, one
s of the rise or fall of prosperity.
uilding trades at present? Are they
year ago, or are they more active, or

rity as we have had and hard times
deed, it is a question whether exces-
orse for a people than excessive hard
e are not so prosperous as we were a
ll be far, far from anything like a
uld be interesting to know whether
en raging out of bounds is settling

rworked Proverb

the same old toys?" the dealer was
plied: "Because there are always new

s a bit closely we find that the children
in their infantile reputations. The
ith slight variations, and the people
the follies. Here is a member of the
e telling us that the men and women
tribute fully a hundred million dollars
ho promise to make them rich. It is
f a confidential letter and of shrewd
parts with his money. In spite of
he sale of gold bricks goes on. The
money are still unrolling their pack-
There are thousands who still refuse
run the risks of seeing their little
e or smoked out of the chimney. In
rial stocks, over-capitalized hundreds
othing has been clearer or sadder than
people who believed the grotesque
fully printed in the prospectuses. It
nybody could be so foolish as to invest
in some of the "get rich" concerns which have been exposed within the past few years, yet the fact is very plain. Not only that, but the same robbers soon bobbed up elsewhere, never failing to catch a new lot of contributors.

Sometimes it seems that the spread of public education and the increase of the newspaper habit have only sharpened the fatal curiosity of the multitudes. It appears impossible to drive home the fact that the offering of a fortune for nothing has not become a modern philanthropy. Still, there are hopes of more enlightened times, and some of the thieves are actually getting caught and being punished. The main hardship of the situation is the extra wear and tear upon the old proverb about the fool and his money.

The Bachelor's Delight

IN A STREET CAR in New York City the other day two women, about equally well dressed, were seated side by side, one with a dog on her lap, the other with a baby. It was hot and both women were uncomfortable. She with the dog was meekly sacrificing her comfort to its comfort, and it was sitting there cool and clean and cheerful. She with the baby was shifting it this way and that, looking crossly now and then at its peevish face—who wouldn't be peevish if he were tied up in a mass of warm clothes on a hot day, and had a cap strapped over his head and fastened under the chin with strings that cut into the flesh?

It was apparent at a glance that the woman with the dog had studied the habits, needs and nature of dogs and had diligently applied what she had learned. It was apparent at a glance that the woman with the baby had never thought seriously on the subject of the peculiarities of babies.

These are the kinds of sights that bachelors love to talk over as they sit in groups in their clubs.

The American Problem

NEW YORK CITY boasts that it spends $23,000,000 on its common schools. That sounds big. And it sounds bigger to say that the country as a whole spends more than half a billion annually in the education of children at the public expense. But that is an average, the country through, of considerably less than forty dollars a year a child. Nor does it help matters to point out that no other nation does so well as we. We have a peculiar problem to solve. And our hope of solving it lies not in government or in courts or in army and navy, but in our public school system. For we are lost if we do not send out from our public schools a body of intelligent youth large enough to become dominant in their generation when they grow up.

Defective education is in large measure responsible for the errors in the past, the disquieting things in the present. We have poured out money for public education, but not enough, not nearly enough. We must pour out more money, and we must have better and better teachers.

A Few Questions

IS IT absolutely necessary that a boy or a girl should spend the first twenty years or so of our exceeding brief stop on earth in a sort of overgrown babyhood? Is it really for a child's happiness to give it as long a childhood as possible? Is childhood the happiest part of one's life, or does it only seem so because the most of us forget its dreary days and remember only its shining moments? Is it bad for the young human brain to exercise it, or is exercise good for it just as for the body? Is a head full of things worth knowing more liable to headaches than one chock-full of trash and foolishness? Are the false ideals which many people so sedulously cultivate in children any more beautiful, any more inspiring than the true ideals which can be the bright, beneficent ruling stars of grown-up life?

Is seriousness of necessity the same as dullness? Is fatuous frivolity the only possible source of light-hearted, thorough amusement? Cannot one laugh as heartily at something that is really funny as at something that is only silly? Must a wise child be a prig?

The Part of Wisdom

A WRITER who had made a good bit of money at a single shake of the bag went to Charles Reade for advice as to investments. "Well," said Reade, "I should say, put it in the best gilt-edged securities. Divide it among the first-class bonds of the first-class nations. It's better to sleep on three per cent. than to lie awake on six"

Here is the soundest possible advice for all professional men, for all farmers, for all business men who have a surplus that must be put by in things outside their especial line. Government bonds don't pay much interest. But when you have to walk the floor through fear that that interest won't be paid, you will have at least eighty million people keeping you company. "It's better to sleep on three per cent. than to lie awake on six."

A HOODOO S

The Story of a Co Everything

By GEORG

HE FOUND OUT T

FOR a period of at least two years Alice Winchell could not think of Floyd C. Burnham without laughter. This was unfortunate for him, for he had loved her from the moment that his eyes first rested upon her. How distinctly he remembered the occasion of this first meeting with the woman—how distinctly, indeed, most men remember it, and under what prosaic and trivial circumstances does this thing happen which is destined to alter irrevocably one's whole future, to shape, indeed, his destiny anew for him, to exalt his aims, to quicken and intensify his ambitions, to add fresh zest and joy to his work!

This woman whom you married, who became so necessary to you that you could no longer live alone, work alone, was she eating ice cream at a church social when you first saw her? If so, 'tis ten to one that you will carry all through life a picture of her in that very act, and will feel a little retrospective thrill whenever you see a girl eating ice cream. Or mayhap she was just getting off from a street car with her arms full of bundles. It's not at all likely that she was singing in a choir, an angelic, musical vision in the sacred light of stained windows, nor graduating in a white frock, not cutting roses of a dewy morning, nor riding through an ancient wood on a spirited palfrey. Whatever common, ordinary thing she was doing she glorified for all time—as a woman can

Floyd C. Burnham was strolling down the street with his friend Jones when he first looked into Miss Winchell's eyes, and she was strolling toward them. Now, what could be more prosaic than to be walking with a man named Jones, or more ordinary than to meet a girl with whom Jones was acquainted? Yet Burnham noticed that the girl had merry eyes—quite extraordinary eyes, in fact, for they gave him a thrill as he looked squarely into them

Jones was wearing a derby, which he seized firmly by the stiff brim and lifted from his head with something of a sweep, extending it to the length of his arm. He was a demonstrative man, was Jones, with manners that were a trifle Gallic, and upon which he prided himself. And right here began that series of coincidences which caused the girl to laugh whenever she thought of Burnham: for he had that day purchased the first soft hat in years. He therefore seized it by the brim, unconsciously imitative of Jones, and gave that little twist of the wrist by which one gets the proper salutatory leverage on a derby. The result, quite ineffectual, surprised him, and he followed this attempt by a futile yank. Then, fearful lest the lady get by before he had consummated his salute, he clawed desperately at the crown of his hat and dragged it in a shapeless mass from his head. All this time he was looking into the eyes, and he was sure that their joyous, debonair expression changed on the instant into one of the keenest response to the ridiculous. The lady bowed gravely enough and with much easy dignity, and the smile upon her face was that of polite recognition. It betokened a friendly interest in that fellow Jones

But the eyes were shrieking with laughter

The fact is, as Burnham, who was a rare good judge of character, divined almost immediately, Miss Winchell was one of those fortunate people whose lives are brightened and made happier by a keen sense of the ridiculous. For that reason she was exceptionally good company. No mood of sadness could remain with her long; something was sure to happen which would set her to laughing. One day, for instance, she was watching some children at play, and their limp, inconsequential movements, their abandon, their excited volubility over nothing, set her thinking what the world would be if all the grown people in it of a sudden began to act like children. A grim old maid with corkscrew curls was passing just at that moment; across the street was a very fat woman of fifty, and in the distance she saw the professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the local college; the dear old dry-as-dust gentleman wore a silk hat, carried a loose umbrella under his arm, and was reading a book by the aid of a pair of huge spectacles. At the same time a little girl was doing somersaults on the adjacent lawn, a boy of four was skipping on one leg while he ate a circle about a pear and another boy was shinning up a tree. Suppose the Professor should suddenly drop his book and scramble into a tree, the fat woman hop down the street on one leg, eating a pear, and the old maid——

When Miss Winchell would begin to laugh her friends invariably asked her with pleasurable anticipation, "What in the world is it now, Alice too." And it was sure Winchell told it, though thing in a less amusing li

A delightful quality amusement without malic tender hearted she was, s your own drolliness—to extremely charming and Winchell's great, reddis black at times and comple with its faint suggestion o to the suit of Mr. Floyd C her very seriously, indee easily dethroned by lau bayonets, dynamite and unshaken; but it is all o begin to smile, as history

Burnham came very ne had called to escort the gi downstairs and was stand deliriously beautiful in h piled atop of her dainty li ing an effect of stateline fumbled his new opera ha gers, as though it were a plated casting.

"Miss Winchell," he Winchell——"

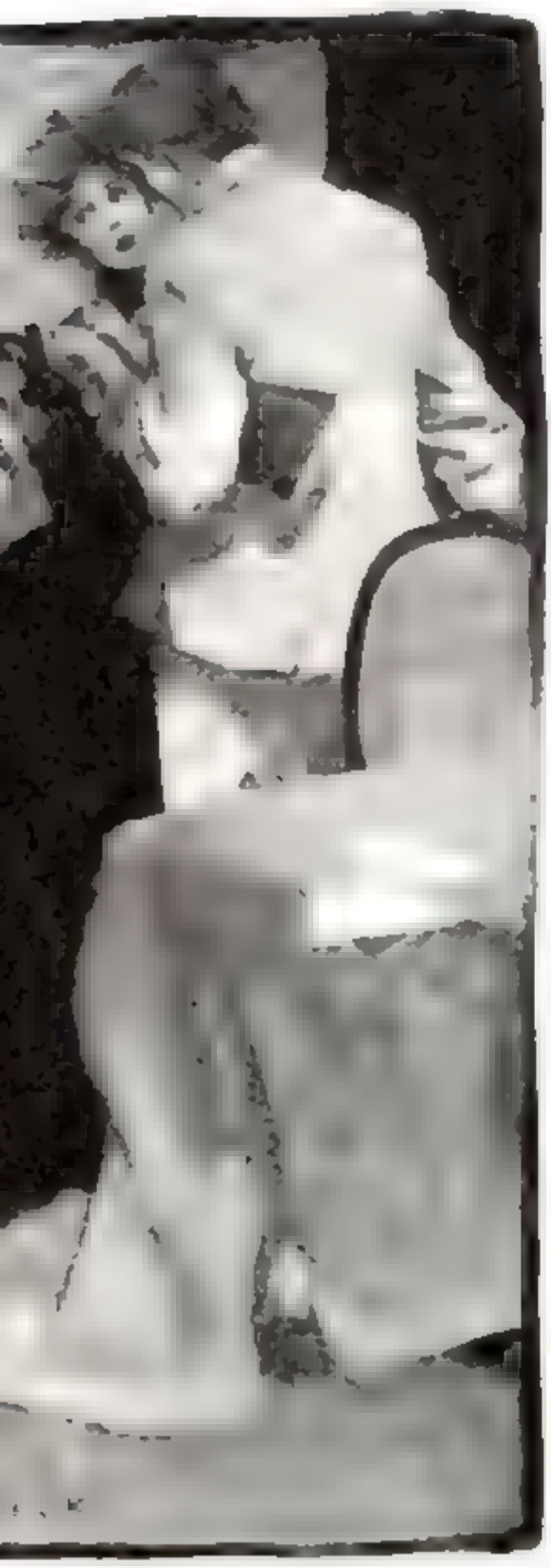
She glanced up at him the big eyes, as though course she did, for a wom watch and added, "I wo

"Oh, there is no hurry could scarcely hear her; "

SWEETHEART

ourtship Disastrous in but the Ending

GE HORTON



THAT SUCH WAS THE CASE

? Do tell us, that we may laugh to be enjoyable, the way Miss erhaps her friends had seen the very ght

of her mirth was that it was pure e. When you knew her and how he caused you to laugh with her at enjoy it, in fact. Now all this was it added to the beauty of Miss h-brown eyes, which were almost mented so well her glossy brown hair a warm tint, but it was almost fatal . Burnham, who took his passion for ; for love, like all other tyrants, is ghter. You may fight a king with cannon and his throne will remain ver with him as soon as his subjects abundantly proves.

ar to proposing one evening when he rl to "The Storks." She had come ding before him there in the parlor, er white opera cloak, with her hair ittle head and a white aigrette add ss to her petite figure. Burnham ut, turning it around in nervous fin Grecian discus which he contem-

began, "Alice, that is to say, Miss

and there was a frightened look in she knew what was coming; as of an always does. He took out his nder if we have plenty of time?"

," she murmured, so low that he the curtain doesn't rise until fifteen minutes after, you know." For months afterward he cudgeled his "fool brains," as he called them in this connection, to determine whether or not the girl was meaning to encourage him

"Could she have known what I was driving at?" he asked himself again and again. But he was the right sort, so he invariably decided, "No! The Queen of all women would not encourage any man, least of all the one not worthy to serve as her foot-mat."

But on that memorable evening he continued, while the girl stood with downcast eyes: "There comes a time in the life of every man when he—ah—feels dissatisfied with his achievements, however satisfactory they may be, because they are naturally—ah—unsatisfactory if they are achieved for selfish reasons alone. For that reason, Alice, there comes a time in a man's life when he feels that he would like to take everything that he has and th——"

So he went on with this drivel, which was, perhaps, all the more appealing because it seemed to be the ruins of a poorly rehearsed speech, something prepared and gone over with her in mind. So he went on, without ever coming to the point, his voice sounding like the croak of a toad in his own ears, when, pop! his new opera hat shot off and it was all over. Miss Winchell sank into a seat and stuffed her lace handkerchief into her mouth. She recovered at last, with many apologies, but she tittered at times during the evening when the play was not the least bit funny. It was the expression on his face, she explained to her dearest friend, and the fact that he forgot his speech, rather than the discharge of the hat

Moreover, he had got her worked up to such a state of nervous tension that she had been on the verge of hysteria

"Would you have accepted him had he come to the point?" asked her friend

"Upon my life, Edith, I don't know!" Which was the truth, for though every woman knows pretty well her own mind, yet she does not know what she is going to say till she hears her lips speaking

Miss Winchell now began to look upon Burnham as a person who was sure to do some funny thing for her especial detestation, and it must be admitted that he lived up to her expectations. This was hard on him and unfair, because he was a fellow of sterling worth and serious purpose who aroused the risibilities of nobody else in the world except the woman that he loved.

He was, moreover, in the general eye, a handsome man and one of dignified carriage and address. A lawyer by profession, he was noted for his convincing way with a jury, and though but twenty-seven he had already won several suits of importance. It was fortunate for him, no doubt, that Miss Winchell was not in the habit of attending court, for, after the affair of the local militia parade, he began to regard her with superstition, as though she were indeed his sweet, but none the less inexorable, "hoodoo."

Being in politics, and also because it is good business policy for a lawyer to extend his acquaintance, Burnham took an active interest in the militia and was in due time exalted to the rank of captain. Now every one knows the sort of horses that are necessarily drafted into service whenever the militia turn out a troop of cavalry: ring boned Bucephali, emeritus Rosinantis, awkward plow-horses, graduates of the dray and the cumbrous beer wagon. Burnham was so busy during the time immediately preceding the encampment parade that he had no time to give personal attention to the procuring of a horse, so he left the matter to his office boy, who found somewhere an enormous animal with a back like that of a cord of wood, a tail resembling a feather duster and the great, hairy boughs of a Norman stallion. He never learned the truth—that the boy had used only one-half of the appropriation turned over to him for the purpose.

He looked at the animal a trifle suspiciously, it is true, and the animal curved his thick neck and eyed him.

"Where did you get this beast?" he asked the boy.

"I got him off'n a farm, sir," replied the youth, "from an uncle of mine who lives out in the country. I couldn't get no more in town. They were all engaged."

"That's not a horse, it's a rhinoceros," laughed Burnham's partner, noting the animal's thickness of leg and breadth of back. He mounted, nevertheless, and set off bravely at the head of his troop, his heavy sword dancing at his side. All went merry as a marriage bell at first, the caissons rumbled over the stony street, the bayonets of the

(Concluded on Page 18)

The Globe-Wernicke

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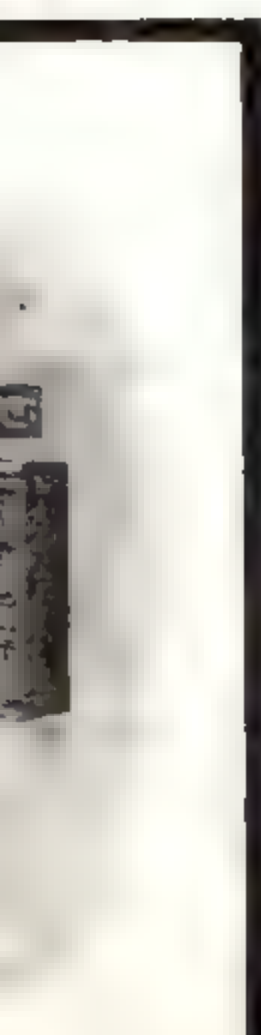

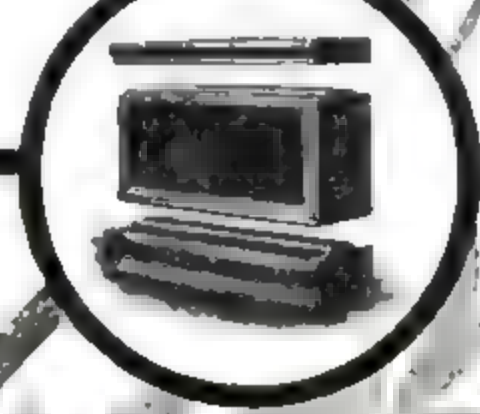

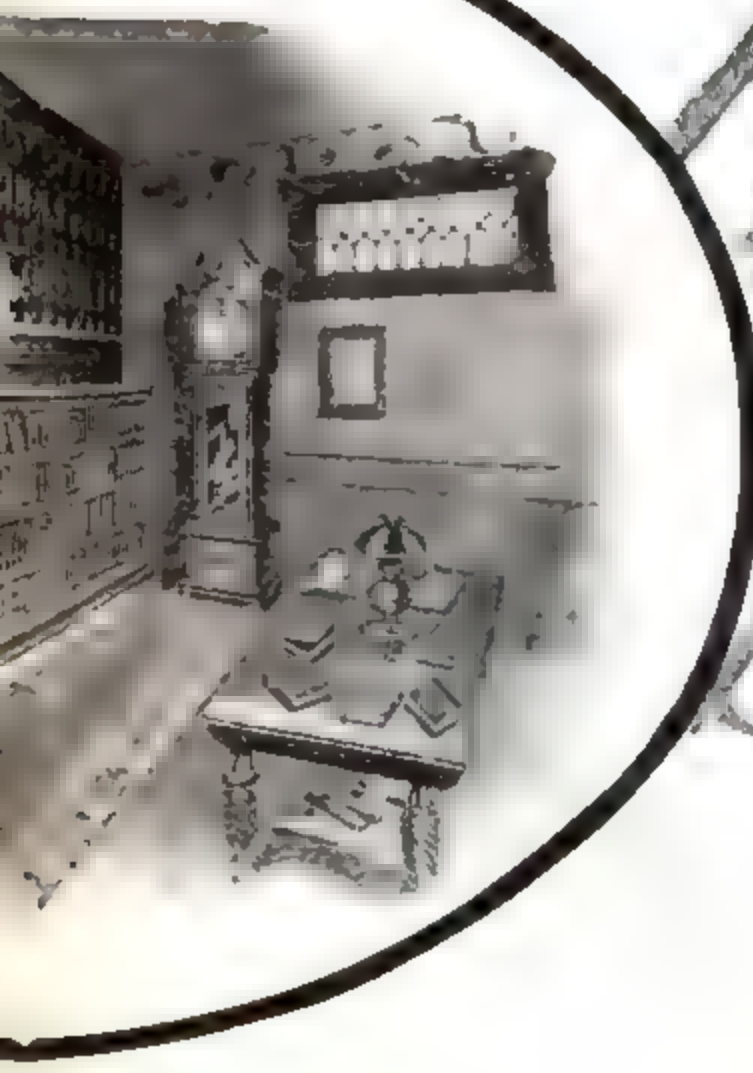

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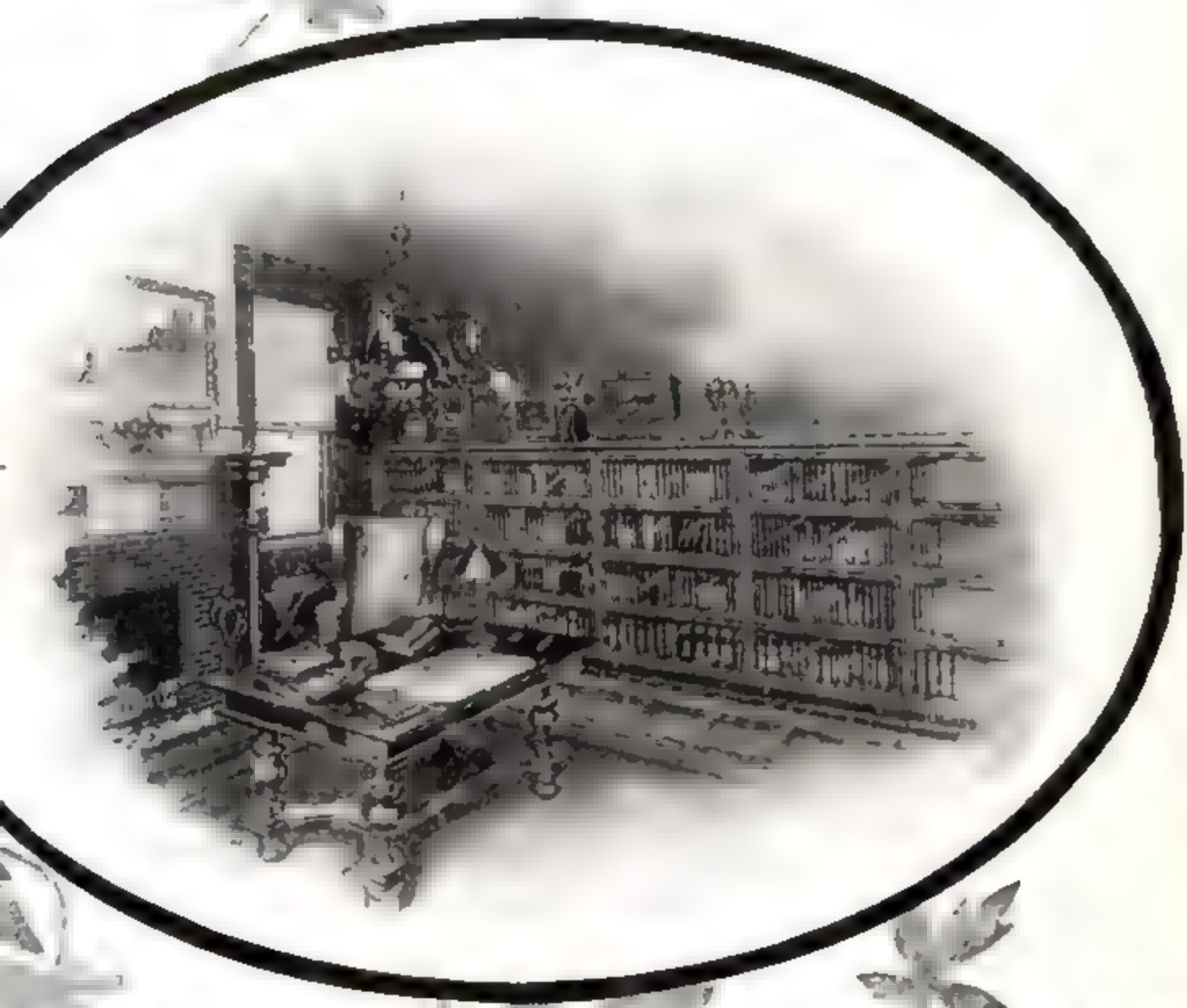

A HOODOO SWEET

(Continued from Page 15)

foot soldiers flashed in the sun, the orderlies clattered to and fro; and when a band struck up the inspiring strains of "Marching through Georgia," Burnham's charger pranced as though he were advancing over hot lava. This was encouraging to a man who was momentarily expecting a certain pair of merry eyes to look down upon him from a window or balcony, and who now began to feel that the opportunity had at last arrived for him to appear before his lady-love in a compelling light. And there, at last, she was, with three other girls, in the second-story window of the Farmers' National Bank building. The girls were all pretty, in their different ways, and among them stood Alice's mother, a tall, fine old lady with white hair. As Burnham lifted his hat—a mulitaman differs from a regular in that he is not a mere part of a machine—he thought of a bouquet of newly-opened roses with one deciduous flower as a foil to their freshness. His charger was forging ahead at the instant, and from the terrible jarring sensation Burnham concluded that the beast must be lifting high its ponderous feet. Almost synchronous with the salute, [illegible] leapt two or three times into the air, as high as his shoulder, beating a jangling tattoo upon the horse's side, causing him to turn at right angles to the road and drift along sidewise as lightly as though flying. The gallant captain yanked repeatedly upon one rein with all the strength of a sturdy right arm, but to no effect. He might as well have pulled at a halter tied to a stone hitching post. He did not have to glance up to see the look in those merry brown eyes with the reddish tint. They were there before him swimming about in space, wherever he looked, like impish [illegible]

It would have required a rudder to turn that horse. The captain was in the predicament of a man standing in the prow of a ship, trying to straighten its course by jerking at a rope attached to the figurehead. Thus he floated on by and thanked his stars when he was no longer directly under the window. The horse seemed to be going fast enough, despite his strange method of locomotion, so Burnham concluded to let him float until he should decide, in his inscrutable equine mind, to turn head on again.

"The worst is over," said Burnham under his breath, but he was wrong. He did not know his horse. At that moment a little German band, abroad on its own recognizance, started up a flamboyant air, with a sudden clash of cymbals, and much discordant tooting and blaring of brass.

And that horse began to back; and he backed, end on, this time, straight through the cavalry of the Home Guard, ramming everything out of his way. He ran backward with crablike velocity, with tremendous momentum and unerring precision.

Shouts and—sad to say—curses were heard.

"Dig the spurs into him, Cap! Hit him with your scabbard!"

"Get up!" yelled Burnham, "go on, you rhinoceros!" remembering, in his extremity, the epithet suggested by his partner.

It was John Gilpin going home without turning around.

Burnham bent out his knees till his legs assumed the shape of a diamond kite, the while he thundered at the brute's ribs with his heels. He arose in the stirrups and punched with the scabbard of his cavalry sword, but all to no avail. The horses of his troopers were thrown upon their haunches with forelegs clawing the air, the while the troopers themselves aimed kicks and blows at the offending animal. The delight of the small boys was now indescribable and vociferous. Through a band went the horse, revolving now in eccentric circles, through a company of foot, completely demoralizing it, though the officers shouted till they were hoarse. "Steady men, steady!"

As Burnham passed the bank building in his ignominious, albeit unwilling, retreat he cast one agonized glance up at the bouquet of feminine roses, and beheld them swaying and fluttering in a storm of laughter. The horse came to a dead stop at last by backing down the incline at the side of the road and running, end on, against a brick wall, which caused it to jump two or three times, shudder as though in the pangs of dissolution, and finally quiet down, panting from its exertions.

The lawyer pluckily mounted another animal, taken from one of the troopers, and galloped again to his place, but he did not look up again at the window.

He was now in despair, and avoided the girl because he was sure that she must regard him as an ass. He was one of those men who set great store by their dignity, moreover, and he had become certain that he could not appear in her presence without doing something, little or big, that would make him ridiculous.

It all ended happily in the springtime, that season when love affairs are most apt to end well."

During the winter Burnham had allowed his beard to grow, by the advice of a physician, who had recommended a full beard as protection against a tendency to throat trouble. As the weather was getting warm now he determined to shave again, and he visited a barber shop for that purpose. He was reclining in the tonsorial chair when he heard hoarse shouts from out in the street, and looking from the window he saw men running. The cry of "Runaway! runaway!" "Stop him!" "Get a rail!" now reached his ears, and, with the instinct of a courageous man, whose first thought is to render assistance, he leapt from the chair and dashed out upon the walk. Not did he stand long inactive, for he beheld something which would have caused him to rush into fire if need be, or charge a line of leveled bayonets.

The Military Adventures of Jean Cameron — By Molly [illegible]

Author of

THERE are various ways of refusing an offer. In 1745 Jean Cameron, of Corriemuir, replied thus to an offer of marriage from that good looking scoundrel, Kenneth McLeamore—she spoke with her dark eyes sparkling with anger, and in a ringing, high pitched voice:

"Kenneth McLeamore, you came in by yonder door, and that is the shortest way for you to go out. Know you, I would not marry you if you had half of Scotland to your back and were false to your Prince; nor would I marry you if you were true to your Prince and had half of Scotland to your back. I know you to be as bad a man as lives, and a traitor besides."

It cannot be denied that every word Jean uttered was perfectly true, and Kenneth McLeamore knew it. Your born coward, however, is ever brave before women, who can do him no bodily harm. Therefore this handsome scoundrel only smiled and said:

"Jean, you are beside yourself. I choose to be loyal to my King; and more than that, I have done what I could with your brother Jame, as a kinsman should, to keep him loyal, and I hope I have worked well."

This was the last straw to Jean Cameron. Jame, that handsome weakling of a half-brother, was cousin, on his mother's side, to Kenneth McLeamore, and oh, sorrow!—they were much alike in body, and possibly in mind and character, except that Jamie had not the courage to be actively bad, and this, to a girl like Jean Cameron, who came of fighting stock, and whose blood ran red in her veins, was but an aggravation. She had been angry with Kenneth McLeamore—as she had, indeed, every right to be—before; but when he said this she walked up close to him and cried:

"Out, you Hanoverian dog!"

People used strong language in 1745. They lived not so long as to-day, but they lived more; and they loved and hated and fought with twice the intensity.

Kenneth McLeamore drew his riding cloak around his handsome figure, which wore the scarlet coat of King George, and making a sweeping bow to Mistress Cameron, proceeded to take himself off. He stopped at the door long enough to say:

"I shall not despair of you yet, Jean. When the storm be overpast and the Pretender——"

THEART

Miss Winchell, pale as death, but plucky enough, was sitting in a light runabout, sawing at a pair of lines which should have controlled the horse which she was driving, but did not; in fact, they had no more effect upon him than if they had been cobwebs, for his head was down and he was tearing viciously along the stony street with a great clattering of hoofs. The buggy bounded in the air and swayed from side to side in its great speed; the girl's hat was blown from her head, and she was leaning backward in the effort to throw her slight weight into the pull.

Burnham leapt straight in front of the hor and grabbed for the check-rein, whic luckily, he seized. And he held on till the animal stopped, and somebody helped Miss Winchell to the ground. Then he tried to rise to his feet—he had been dragged, of course—but found that he could not wa k. In fact the pain was so excruciating from his right foot, which had been quite badly crushed by an iron-clad hoof, that he sank to the earth from faintness.

They carried him into the back room of a drug store to dress the wound and the gir waited until they told her she could see him. She bent over him and took his hand, while she said:

"Mr. Burnham, I—it was so brave and noble of you! I had given up hope and my strength was about gone! How can I thank you enough?"

"It was nothing," replied Burnham. "Nothing—anybody would have done it. Just my good luck to be there, that was all."

"And mine, too," she whispered softly. "I am glad it was you, and nobody else. Are you in great pain? Isn't there anything they—I can do for you? It's dreadful to see you suffer so."

For the foot did hurt, and his efforts to conceal the fact were not entirely successfu

"You have done much already," he replied, "in thanking me so sweetly."

After she had gone away he remembered that her eyes were as soft as an April sky with tenderness, and that there was no laughter in them. And just as this pleasing reflection was running through his mind, the doctor to divert his attention from his pain, handed him a mirror. Burnham looked therein and beheld an astonishing sight, for one half of his face was clean-shaven and the other half covered with a luxuriant winter's growth of beard. He blushed a fiery red and his heart fairly came up into his throa

"This is the last straw," he muttered, and he lay for some minutes in the very bottom of the slough of despond. And then suddenly he sat up waving the mirror in the air and cried:

"She didn't even smile! The spell is broken!"

And he found out that such was the case when he hobbled around to her house two weeks later.

s of Mistress

Elliot Seawell

f The Fortunes of Fif

At that word he was suddenly seized from behind in a sturdy grasp, and literally flung across the hall and kicked out of the door. Sandy Macbean was sixty years old, if he were a day, but he had an arm like an oaken cudgel still. Kenneth McLeamore rolled out on the stone doorstep, and then picked himself up, swore furiously at Sandy Macbean, and mounting his horse rode off, followed by the mocking laughter of Jean Cameron, who, with her pretty head thrust out of the window, shouted with glee, crying:

"Good for you, Sandy Macbean! You shall have a whole jug full of usquebaugh for yourself, Sandy Macbean—God bless you!" This matter of usquebaugh Sandy esteemed one of the chief blessings of a beneficent Providence.

A woman does not cool down easily after a rage such as Jean Cameron had fallen into, and justly, when Kenneth McLeamore insulted her by asking her to be his wife. For a genuinely bad man there was no one in the Highland district that could be mentioned with Kenneth McLeamore. He came of a good family, and had inherited some property; but he had abused, cheated and

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maltreated every one, on every occasion when it had been in his power. No man would drink with him, no man would play cards with him; and, after a certain very shocking affair, few women would speak to him. But he was safe in coming to Corriemuir wearing the red coat of a King's officer, for there was no one but Jean, who was but a slip of a woman only twenty-four years old, and Jamie, the younger brother who had just come of age.

It was clearly impossible to endow a whole family with the daring spirit and free, generous heart of Jean Cameron; and so the young brother had next to no spirit, had a heart mean and ungenerous, and could only be influenced by bad people. He had succumbed readily to Kenneth McLeamore's good looks and a certain captivating way he had of talking; and met Jean's vigorous protests with the sullen defiance of a timid and obstinate nature.

And it was with sullenness he met her when presently, he sauntered into the oak parlor and found Jean still flushed and panting with anger; but she spoke to him in a quiet and controlled voice.

"Jamie, Kenneth McLeamore can never darken these doors again as long as I remain here."

"How now, Jean?" answered Jamie fretfully. "Kenneth McLeamore is a very good fellow, and he is my mother's cousin and besides"—here Jamie attempted to put on the air of a man—"I am master here now."

"You will not be master long," replied Jean, "if Kenneth McLeamore ever gets a footing here. He can very easily get you under his thumb, poor foolish boy that you are."

Jamie relapsed into sulky silence. Presently Jean said to him:

"Are you going to-night to Glenesca?"

Jamie, like his cousin Kenneth, was brave enough where there were only moral forces arrayed against him, and he answered, with quite an air of determination:

"No. I am not, Jean. You know well what it means. It is simply an assemblage of the gentry in these parts to lay their plans to join Charles Stuart; I am loyal to my King, and I will have nothing to do with such treasonable proceedings."

At these words Jean grew pale. It was to her the crowning dishonor. The Camerons of Corriemuir had never faltered in their allegiance to the Stuarts. Six of them had followed King James to St. Germains. Every man of the name had been out with Prince Charlie in 1715, and had gloried in it. Death and confiscation had reduced them. There was now but one of the name of Corriemuir to join the standard of his Prince, and he—Jean raised her beautiful, scornful eyes and looked her brother all over. Her heart sank as she examined him. He was so weak, so bad, so foolish. She said nothing more, but rising, went and called to Sandy Macbean.

"Sandy," said she, "I go to Glenesca to-night—you know for what. Have the coach at six o'clock."

"Doubtless," remarked Jamie with a sneer, "you will find Donald McKenzie there."

"I hope I shall," replied Jean quietly. "I shall find there every gentleman and every man in the shire. I do not mean every one who calls himself a man and a gentleman; I mean those who are truly men and gentlemen." And, with this parting shot, she went off.

At six o'clock on the autumn evening the lumbering old coach, which had been brought from France by Jean's grandfather, was at the door with Sandy Macbean for postilion. A number of the laborers and tenants of Corriemuir were gathered around the door, waiting for Jean to come out. She appeared presently, Sandy Macbean preceding her with a lantern, for the autumn evening was dark and the way was rough to Glenesca, over five miles away. She wore a white satin gown, with the tartan sash of the Camerons around her slender waist; and on her breast, over her heart, was pinned a white cockade, and hanging to it was a beautiful miniature of Charles Edward Stuart. She stood on the flagging and spoke to the men.

"You know where I am going," she said "and perhaps why. I am the only man in this house, and I shall have to speak for Corriemuir. What shall I say at Glenesca when I am asked what the men of Corriemuir will do?"

Every man of us will go out," responded Andrew Macbean, the largest tenant on the Corriemuir estate. "I and my four sons are ready at a moment's notice, and my father sits unwillingly at home, though he be seventy and near dead with rheumatism."

"You are a true man, Andrew Macbean," responded Jean.

And then there was a painful pause. The men looked at each other, and then Andrew Macbean spoke up, in a hesitating way.

"But, Mistress Jean, will the master lead us?"

A deep blush appeared on Jean's fair face. "I know not," she said. "He has not the spirit of my father's son; but I tell you this, if he will not lead you I will."

With that the men gave a great shout, and Jean, smiling, stepped into the old coach, which lumbered off in the darkness.

At Glenesca there was a great gathering and much usquebaugh and punch, and white

"AT EIGHT OF THE CLOCK YOU SHALL KNOW WHETHER I LIF OR NOT, CAPTAIN McKENZIE"

cockades and Jacobite songs; and every man and woman there was for Prince Charlie. There was dancing in the hall, for it was ostensibly an evening party, and the pipers made the roof ring with Jacobite airs. When they played "Over the Water to Charlie" every person present joined in the rattling chorus

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea
We'll over the water to Charlie
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go
Across the water to Charlie.

Jean Cameron, who had been dancing a strathspey with Donald McKenzie did not realize that he still held her hand; but as their hands touched, and her clear soprano mingled with his rich basso, their souls and their hearts mingled, too. She looked at Donald, and said to herself proudly, bringing in mind Kenneth McLeamore and her brother Corriemuir

"There stands a man

And there, indeed, stood a man. Not handsome and suave and scoundrelly, like the other two—rather plain of face, in fact—but a gentleman, brave and sturdy, true to his word, good at fighting, at dancing at singing, at making love; who, when he struck at all, struck a good blow; and who loved Jean Cameron from the bottom of his heart He was not very rich in worldly goods, and that had held him back a while in his love; but that night, when he remembered that the next day's sun would put his neck in jeopardy for going over openly to Charles Stuart, whom he esteemed his rightful Prince, he thought it well to tell Jean what she had known a good six months before—so much better do women know men than men know themselves—that he loved her with all his honest heart. And the answer he got would have satisfied any man

At midnight supper was served, and on the stroke of twelve a solemn silence fell upon the company. There was no more time then for singing and dancing and cheering for Prince Charlie. It was time to act. Old Sir Walter McKenzie, who had seen more than eighty years, and who had given his only son to the cause in 1715, rose at the head of the long table, and with a voice as strong and fresh as that of the young man of twenty whom he had buried thirty years before, said

"Ladies and gentlemen: We know for what we are assembled. Let me give you the toast to our King, Charles Stuart."

At which the silence was succeeded by shouts and tears and cheers and sobbing, the women's clear voices cutting the air as they hurrahed for Prince Charlie. And then, beginning at his right hand, Sir Walter asked every gentleman present whether he would appear, at sunset next day, at a certain ford, on the Dee, to take up his march for Scone, where the King lay And every man shouted, "Aye." And he then asked how many clansmen each man would bring with him Every estate in the district was represented by a man except Corriemuir When the name of Corriemuir was reached there was a painful pause; and then Jean, speaking with her eyes fixed on the table, said

"There will be thirty clansmen from Corriemuir at the ford to-morrow at sunset, and a Cameron of Corriemuir shall lead

YOU SHALL

"Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

IT'S the mood you wake up in that colors your whole day.

And this wouldn't matter so much if it wasn't to be such a very important day. You see, it's the only day you'll ever have to-day!

¶I think it would be a good thing if we were more polite to ourselves when we meet in the looking-glass of a morning. If you're on speaking terms with the person you see reflected there, the respectful thing to do would be to look at *him* and not at the part in his hair—and to ask how he feels and then pay attention to his answer

¶If he's not feeling fit, ask him why and then prescribe for him.

¶But *don't* let him finish dressing thinking that he's got to go through another day without help or notice because you are so busy.

¶There *are* two of you, you know—two of everybody; yourself and the one in the glass, which is as near as you can get to seeing your other, silent and better self.

¶It's the man who has the help of both "himselfs" that finds work only half as hard, or rather does twice as much work and has time left to say,

"Be Sunny!"

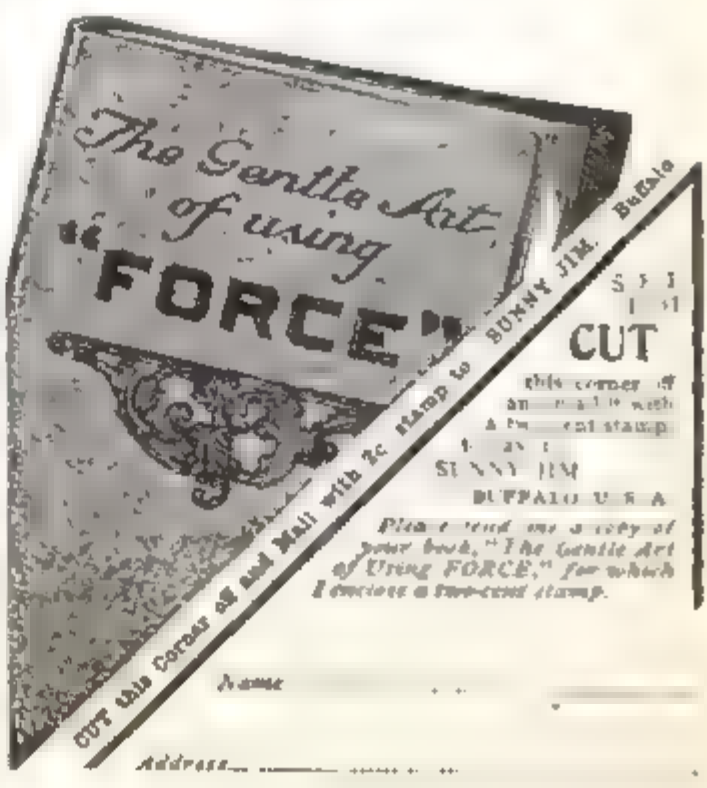
¶And he can't do this unless he eats the food that helps. There's no way in the world to underpay your stomach and still keep it from going on strike.

¶Perhaps my book would help you—it's about "FORCE" and something else.

I wrote it myself.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim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them." She stopped and faltered—and then the company caught Jean's meaning. They knew that if Jamie would not lead his people, she would, and a mighty shout went up; and Donald McKenzie squeezed her hand under the table, and whispered into her ear, amid the joyous hand-clapping and cheering:

You have a man's heart in your pretty body, Jean!

At daylight the next morning the old coach, with Jean inside, rumbled back to Corriemuir.

Andrew Macbean and every other man on the place were awaiting her. She jumped out lightly, looking as fresh as the dawn, and said to them:

It is at the ford, to-day at sunset; and I have pledged my word—the word of a Cameron of Corriemuir—that every man on this estate shall be there—with a leader, too."

At four in the afternoon, Jamie, lounging about the place as he usually spent his time, saw every man in his employ assembled on the rough lawn in front of the house. Some were riding stout nags, others were on foot, all carried wallets, with provisions, and every man had some sort of a weapon, were it no more than a sharpened scythe blade stuck in a stick. And Sandy Macbean led out Jean's horse, saddled and caparisoned.

Jean did not keep them waiting. She came out in her riding dress, with her white cockade and the miniature of Prince Charlie pinned upon her breast, and a velvet cap with an eagle's feather in it, on her dainty head. As she stepped past and sprang lightly into the saddle, her foot in Sandy Macbean's hand, Jamie came out, and trying to bluster said:

"What is all this?"

"Nothing but that I," said Jean, "failing any other man in the family, do take a man's part, and lead my people to join their Prince. I take your place, Corriemuir. Well may you hang your head in shame."

Jamie really did feel somewhat ashamed of himself. The concentrated contempt of thirty pairs of eyes fixed upon a man even with but slight self-respect will generally abash him.

But there was no more time to waste. The men fell in line, Jean at their head, and as the shadows grew long upon the purple hills, and the departing sun shone with a melancholy glory, she took the road that led toward the ford.

Two days afterward, as Charles Stuart stood before his tent, on the open plain, surrounded by the misty mountains upon which the morning light glinted, he saw a cavalcade approaching. Thirty stout men, and riding at their head, on a good-looking nag, was handsome Jean Cameron. The Prince had heard who was coming and he advanced to meet her, surrounded by his officers. Jean sprang lightly off her horse, and would have kneeled in the mud; but the Prince, taking her in his arms, kissed her on both cheeks, and said:

"Welcome, Corriemuir."

"Sir," said Jean, "I come, not from love of putting myself, a woman, in a man's place, but because there was no one else to lead our men. I give them now to you, and I return to work in my woman's way and pray for the success of Your Royal Highness."

"Not quite yet," said the Prince, in that enchanting voice and with that captivating smile for which he was famous in those days; "I cannot let so gallant a man as yourself depart so soon. You must, at least, breakfast with me in my tent."

To which Jean Cameron blushingly agreed. And then came forward others, gray-haired gentlemen, who had known her from a child, younger men, like Donald McKenzie, his honest face all aglow, and even clergymen, who belonged to the church militant. And the Prince, taking her left hand in his, escorted her to his tent and, breakfast being ready, seated her at his right hand; and calling her Corriemuir, as if she were really the head of the house, proposed her health, and treated her with the greatest honor. So admiringly did he look at her, and so often did he touch her delicate hand, that Donald McKenzie breathed freer when finally it was time and she rose to go. The Prince himself swung her on her horse and kissed her hand at parting. Her own men escorted her a mile upon her way, when she stopped and bade them good by in the golden afternoon, exhorting every man to do his duty, and assuring them that she would look after their wives and children at home. Then, with a parting cheer from them, and a blessing and tears from her, they parted, she going on escorted only by Sandy Macbean.

At a turn in the road, half a mile farther on, Donald McKenzie stepped out of the furze bushes. Sandy Macbean, who had once been young, very discreetly rode ahead on his own nag, and Jean and Donald were left alone. They said a few words—those words so full of meaning, when love and death lie close together—for it was known that those who went with Prince Charlie ran two risks, the risk of death in battle, and the risk of death at the hangman's hands. And then they parted, Jean forcing a smile which dissolved in tears as soon as Donald was out of sight.

Days and weeks went past. The whole country was up in arms for Prince Charlie. But the Hanoverians were not idle, and the British were steadily pouring troops into Scotland. Their advance guard had already penetrated the Highland fastnesses, and every family that was supposed to have Jacobite leanings was under suspicion. The old men were arrested, the younger ones were nowhere to be found. One misty day in November, while Jean Cameron was seated at the spinet singing a Jacobite song, happening to glance out of the window she saw all the space in front of the house full of redcoats, and an officer, walking in unceremoniously introduced himself as Captain Steinacke. Jean rose from the spinet and made him a courtesy, which Captain Steinacke did not notice. He was a big, bluff German, one of those Hanoverians so dear to the heart of King George, a good enough soldier, rough and ready, but not used to making distinctions in favor of ladies.

He immediately proceeded to put Jean through a number of questions concerning her knowledge of the affairs in the district, and the condition of things at the camp of Charles Edward Stuart, where he knew she had lately been, all of which Jean coolly declined to answer. Finding her obdurate, especially concerning the camp at Scone, Captain Steinacke remarked carelessly:

"Ferry well, Mees; I haf my orders from the Commander-in-Chief to take you to headquarters, three days off, if you do not answer, and you vill please to answer, or make ready to go with me."

"Then, sir," responded Jean, with all the spirit of the Camerons tingling in her veins, "I will make ready to go with you, although I will be bold to say I knew not, until this moment, that the Elector of Hanover——"

"What?" roared Captain Steinacke, growing very red in the face.

"I said," replied Jean very sweetly, "the Elector of Hanover. I did not know that he made war upon women, but as he does, I am willing to stand with the women of my country, and I shall be ready to go with you. I presume I shall be allowed to take an elderly, respectable woman with me."

"No," shouted Steinacke, who made the enormous mistake of thinking he could frighten Jean Cameron. "You vill not; you vill haf no one, no, not any one; and you vill go mit me."

Sandy Macbean, listening outside of the door, heard this, and, going out, he promptly began to hurrah for Prince Charlie, in such a manner that the red coats at once fell upon him, and it was determined to arrest him as well as the lady of the mansion, a plan which he had had in view all the time and was rejoiced to have succeeded. So was Jean.

Jamie was away. It might even have roused some little manly spirit in him had he seen his sister carried off—riding her horse proudly, and scorning to enter into conversation with Captain Steinacke—who, for his part, fully expected her, at the first halt, to melt into tears, and tell him all she had refused to tell him before. But he did not know Jean Cameron. She rode on that day, and at night, when they bivouacked, she made no complaint of the rough quarters assigned her—a rude place constructed of boughs and moss, in which, wrapping her plaid around her, she lay down and slept peacefully, the quiet stars keeping watch overhead and Sandy Macbean lying at her feet.

Jean Cameron, as it must have been seen by this time, had a tongue as well as a temper, but no great store of that beggarly virtue, prudence. Captain Steinacke grew enraged with her next day for her obstinacy; and knowing but one way to deal with rebellious women, still held to that fallacy of frightening her.

On the evening of the second day they came across another body of redcoats with several prisoners, and among them, standing tall and straight and undaunted, was Donald McKenzie. As Jean and he greeted each other, the blood that rushed to Donald McKenzie's face, and the tears that dropped silently from Jean's eyes, told their story only too plainly; and Captain Steinacke

determined to try still another method of overcoming this obstinate woman

As the night before, a little hut was made for her, in which she passed the night, with Sandy Maclean still allowed to be near her; and all night long she heard the sound of sawing and chopping and nailing. The next morning, when she peered out, she saw by the light of sunrise a gallows silhouetted against the morning sky. A gallows is not a pleasant sight, even to a very brave woman and for the first time Jean felt a little sinking of the heart. Presently there was a noise and a commotion, and while Jean, standing outside of her hut, watched the men moving to and fro, she saw them bring out Donald McKenzie, with pinioned arms, without his coat, and with his shapely brown head bare. The place was a little plateau on the top of a hill, surrounded by dense trees and rocks, and she could not help seeing all that went on. While she stood trembling and shading her eyes with her hand Captain Steinacke strode up and said

"Mees, do you see the gallows yonder? It is put up for that tall young man, Captain Donald McKenzie. Now if you and he tell me not all you know concerning Charles Edward Stuart he shall swing for it. Mark you that well."

Jean remained silent for a few moments. As any other human being would under the circumstances, she rapidly debated within herself whether her obstinacy had indeed brought the man she loved to that dreadful pass. But in a little while, in spite of her distress of mind, her sound good sense came to her aid. No; if Captain Steinacke meant to hang Donald McKenzie it could not be for any information that she might have or withhold; and besides, she could not really believe that it would be done. It occurred to her that they were, in truth, but trying to frighten her. So she said, making her voice as steady as she could

"I know Donald McKenzie well, and I know that between betraying his Prince and hanging he will choose to hang any day in the week—just as I would, if you please."

And then, without asking permission, she suddenly walked rapidly forward, and going up to Donald, guarded by soldiers as he stood, said to him

Donald, they say that you shall hang if I do not tell what I saw about the Prince's camp at Scone. I know but little. Would you have me to tell that?"

"No," cried Donald in a loud voice, with a smile; "I would rather hang as high as Haman than have you, Jean, of all the women on earth, betray our Prince. A man can die but once, and when I drew my sword for my Prince my life became his, to die in his cause if necessary."

Then the men who guarded him looking a little disconcerted, not being used to deal with ladies under these circumstances, Jean came closer yet and whispered in his ear:

"They are but trying to frighten us. These men have not the look of hangmen."

"It matters not," replied Donald airily, "I have but one answer to make. I am true to my Prince, and neither the gallows, nor anything else, shall swerve me from my allegiance; and I fear not, Jean, that it will be otherwise with you."

At this Captain Steinacke walked up and took out a great silver watch.

"Now," he said, "it is just seven of the clock. I gif you one hour, Captain Donald McKenzie and Mistress Jean Cameron, to determine whether Master Donald McKenzie shall swing or whether you shall answer me truly all the questions I shall ask you concerning the camp of Charles Stuart. At eight of the clock you shall know whether you shall lif or not, Captain McKenzie."

"Thanks, Captain," replied Donald, quite cheerfully; "and since I have an hour to live, and as a lady should not be kept standing, would you have any objection to Mistress Jean and myself seating ourselves comfortably on this log?"

"Not in the least," said the burly Steinacke with a grin and a leer, "sit you where you like during this hour."

Donald then, giving his hand to Jean, escorted her to the log as if it had been a throne; and Jean seating herself, with Donald by her side, they at once entered into animated conversation. It must not be supposed that Jean was without fear; but she was of that Spartan type which, in the presence of an enemy, can hide the most gnawing misery with a smile and a light word. As for Donald McKenzie, he was as brave a man as ever stepped, and it does not lessen a man's courage to have a hundred enemies watching him, and the woman he loves close at his side. And so they sat, and beyond a slight

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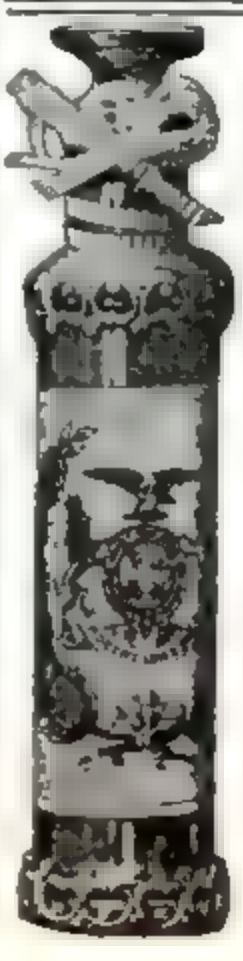

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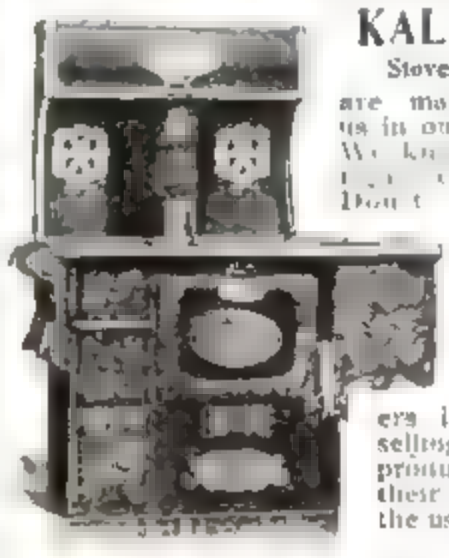

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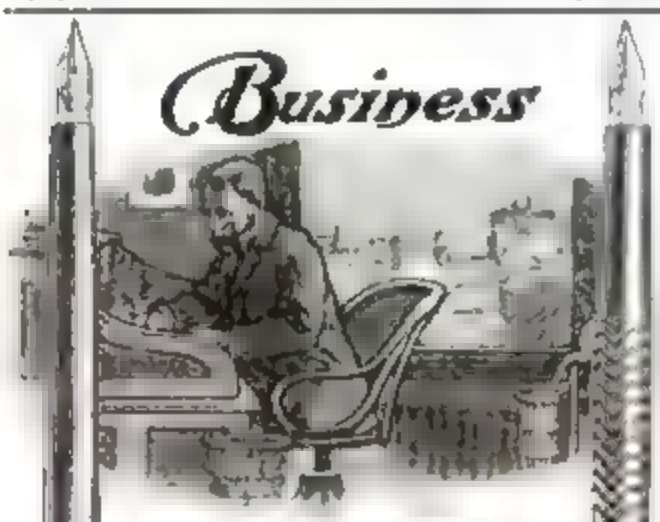

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trembling of the hand on Jean's part no one would have guessed what an hour might bring forth to them.

At eight o'clock Captain Steinacke stepped up.

"Are you ready, Mistress Jean Cameron, to tell me what I wish to know?" he asked.

'I am just as ready Captain Steinacke' replied Jean, "as I ever shall be, and that is, not at all."

Captain Steinacke's red face grew redder still

"Then, Captain McKenzie," he said, 'make ready to mount yonder scaffold."

'I am ready now sir said Donald.

At that Captain Steinacke hesitated a minute and glanced around The soldiers, who had watched the scene curiously as they lounged about the open space, stood up, every man, and something in the look of their eyes gave Captain Steinacke a feeling of discomfort. He felt himself to be in the plight of a man who has carried too far a threat he does not mean to execute. He had serious doubts at that moment, if he had really meant to hang Donald McKenzie, whether the men would have obeyed him He took a turn or two up and down, and then came back and said

'Since you are so obstinate, Madam, I will give you until twelve o'clock. At twelve o'clock——" he paused, and Donald McKenzie finished the sentence for him by saying: "I shall hang, if Mistress Jean Cameron does not betray her Prince. Well, sir, I shall probably hang.'

And then they sat down together, as before, on the log. Scarcely were they seated when they heard a bugle calling, and presently a white handkerchief tied to a ramrod was seen through the foliage; and following it came three gentlemen of the shire who had, up to that time, remained neutral. They advanced, and bowing low the spokesman said to Captain Steinacke

'Sir, we have come to urge you to release this lady. We venture to say that it is not a good thing for the King's cause that she should be arrested; and as she can now do no more to help the cause of Charles Stuart—all the men from Corriemuir having already gone and her brother remaining loyal—we venture to ask you to release her, or if that be not possible, to exchange her for some prisoner whom the Jacobites may hold."

At that a broad smile overspread Steinacke's ruddy face

'I will exchange her," he said, "I will exchange her for some one whom I esteem to be her equal, according to the military usage of all countries, for a Scotchman who has recently come under your keeping; I will give you back Mistress Jean Cameron if you will return to me Captain Kenneth McLeamore.'

At this a deep flush appeared upon Jean's cheeks and she burst out with

'Exchange me for that wretch Surely ——"

But here she was interrupted by one of the three prudent gentlemen who had appeared upon the scene; and Captain Steinacke, seeing that she was mortally affronted at the idea of being exchanged for Kenneth McLeamore, only insisted the further.

"You see," he said, pointing to the rude gallows which stood out grim and stark in the morning light, "yonder scaffold was for the execution of Captain Donald McKenzie in case Mistress Jean Cameron had not told me what she knew concerning the camp of Charles Stuart. But I fancy that Captain Kenneth McLeamore can tell me all, and more than Mistress Jean Cameron; and therefore will I spare the life of Captain Donald McKenzie if you will but send me Captain Kenneth McLeamore'

At this Jean, for the first time, burst into tears of helpless wrath. The matter, however, was soon arranged. A woman, after all, cannot withstand everything and everybody, and in half an hour she had bidden Donald McKenzie farewell and was riding off with the three gentlemen, soundly berating them for having agreed to exchange her for so abominable an object as

KENNETH McLEAMORE, YOU CAME IN BY YONDER DOOR, AND THAT IS THE SHORTEST WAY FOR YOU TO GO OUT"

Kenneth McLeamore. Under the terms of the agreement she gave her parole, and the three gentlemen guaranteed that, at a certain hour on a certain day, they would produce the body of Kenneth McLeamore, to be returned in place of Jean Cameron; or, if any contingency should prevent, they would return Jean Cameron; and this they swore to upon the Bible.

But Sandy Macbean remained behind and followed Captain Stemacke and his soldiers—who were sincerely glad to have got rid of so troublesome a prisoner as a lady—on that day's march. At night, when they bivouacked, Sandy Macbean found himself close to Donald McKenzie; and when daylight came, in spite of sentries and a good watch being kept, Donald McKenzie and Sandy Macbean had both disappeared. And thus did Captain Stemacke lose his two remaining prisoners

In due time, that is, within four days, at the meeting place appeared the three gentlemen with Jean Cameron, and also with Kenneth McLeamore; and there Captain Stemacke with an escort, met them. It was one of the bitterest hours of Jean Cameron's life when she was forced to accept such an exchange as that

She went back to Corriemuir, and there spent that weary time when the Jacobites saw the hopes that had blossomed so brightly fade and wither. She was among those who knew the secret hiding-places of Charles Edward and for him she sold every jewel that she possessed, and giving the money to Sandy Macbean conveyed it to her unfortunate Prince

Donald McKenzie followed him to the last, even standing with him on the shore of the Hebrides when he embarked for France, and then turning back made his way to the mainland. On a sunny afternoon, a month later, Donald McKenzie walked into the paneled parlor at Corriemuir. Jean Cameron sat there, sad and alone. She had made up her mind to find a home elsewhere than in her half-brother's house. Just where should that home be?

Donald McKenzie solved the problem in ten minutes after they had exchanged their first kiss

"I have a house, Jean," he said, "or what the Hanoverians have left of it—and some land—which may be confiscated—and I'll make you a good husband—if I am not hanged;" all of which dubious announcements were made with such a winning smile upon Donald's honest face that Jean would have taken all the risks he offered and more

"Well, Donald," she answered, with a spirit as high as his own, "I dare say you'll never come any nearer being hanged than you were that morning with Captain Stemacke And my marrying you will not bring you any closer to the gallows, after all

"It will bring me to Heaven by another road," cried Donald joyfully. "So I will be married first and hanged afterward, if must be"

But Donald McKenzie was not hanged, nor yet was his land confiscated, nor was he an unhappy man, although the Hanoverians reigned—for he was married to Jean Cameron

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LITERA

Their Ways an

JOURNALISM versus LITERATURE—The views of a critic on journalism and of a journalist on criticism.

¶ "The moment," writes Mr. H. W. Boynton, personality begins to shine through an 'article,' that article is suggesting its right to be considered as literature. Herein lies the fundamental difference between journalism and literature; one is normally impersonal, the other necessarily personal."

It is a definition like another, suggestive, but sharing the faults of definitions in general—good to point a way but not the way itself. Who has not known the reporter turned author to sin by very excess of personality, by inability to "get out of himself"? His work is scrappy, lean, bare at the joints; brilliant, perhaps, but lacking in imaginative unity—here "a good situation" and there a telling phrase (all tucked carefully away in the notebook for possible use), but the characters all speaking the same language: the language of the thought and passion of the author himself.

Perhaps Mr. Boynton, writing on journalism from the standpoint of the critic, had not read Mr. Munsey's writing on criticism from the standpoint of the journalist. "The great thing in journalism," Mr. Munsey thinks, "is to have something to say, and to the man who sees things the world is full of interesting themes. Style is of minor importance. It is the garnishing of the dish, not the dish itself." Mr. Boynton would laugh at that. He better knows

"the subtle ways
I take and turn and pass again"

He knows the style is in the matter as the flavor is in the meat, not as the garnishing is on the dish, and that meat without flavor is poor meat, be it never so nourishing or wholesome. The rhetoricians have long had a different name for "garnishing"; they call that "fine writing."

So here is Mr. Munsey insisting that journalism is essentially personal, that it needs men with "something to say"—which can very well, and probably better, be said without style or "garnishing"; and here is Mr. Boynton insisting that journalism is essentially impersonal, a surrender of identity, and that the moment personality appears, the moment the man has "something to say," and not to report merely or to repeat hearsay, mumbo jumbo, he takes on style and his work is suggesting "its right to be considered literature."

Plainly a difference of opinion! and, as is generally the case where competent and sensible men disagree in matters of which both are informed, the result of a faulty definition of terms. Mr. Munsey wants his reporters to render facts—accurately, concisely, vividly. His columns have no space for florid English, for "garnishing" of any kind. But he is in error to term garnishing style. Not all the garnishing in the King's garden will give flavor to the mutton. Not all the rhetoric in the textbooks will put life into words.

"Fine writing" is always buncombe—and print BUNCOMBE as large as the page and in all the colors of the atlas, its boundaries will still be the boundaries of Buncombe County.

Mr. Boynton, for his part, is right in calling journalism the impersonal transcript of facts. He is right in saying that "the moment an effective personality succeeds in expressing itself, and *the world through itself*, a new practitioner in art has arisen." But there are different manifestations of personality and different forms of art. Mr. Munsey wants a personality painstaking, keen, quick to seize and render, and on the side of craftsmanship, well-knit sentences that stand on their own legs. Mr. Boynton wants this and something more. He wants temperament and imagination.

And still the story is not all told. A man may be an artist in words and get no farther. (Bacon wrote English that has not had its counterpart in the pages of any who have followed him—yet who that has read the essay on love, and smiled, would tax him with temperament! He was an artist in words and words only.) A man may be Emerson's "temperament without a tongue"; or with the eye to see, the heart to feel and the tongue to tell, he may not have the brains to construct, the tact to control. The reporter who

RY FOLK
nd Their Work

writes a book has usually an ear for style—the lesser style of craftsmanship, that has to do with words, sentences and paragraphs—an eye for the dramatic situation and a theory of life. His limitations will likely be: that he is too apt to think in fragments not in wholes, that the temptation to lug in this or that bit of good experience will mar his constructive unity, and that with temperament enough to figure tolerably as the hero or villain in any "fat" part, he never can lose something rigid, ungracious, that will not step aside to let the hero have the centre. His characters will be impersonations, under which you can always recognize the strut and swagger of your own good friend the author, who has nothing heroic or villainous about him. He will express himself, but *not the world through himself*. For whoever would write good fiction there must be the first insistence on self which Mr. Boynton points out and later the surrender of self which equally his art requires. None but the humility of the great can compass it successfully

Haroun-al-Raschid assumes with his disguise the thought and talk of the beggar, but how would the beggar carry the royalties of Haroun al Raschid?

THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT—A "serious" book which is to laugh.

¶ Mr. George Wharton James apparently has a chip on his shoulder for the critics. In the introductory chapter of his Indians of the Painted Desert Region *(Little, Brown and Company)* he writes: "It will be noticed that I have not rigidly adhered to the subjects as indicated by the heads of the chapters. I have preferred a discursive rather than a rigid style, for I deem it will prove itself the more interesting to the generality of my readers, and I merely call attention to it so that my critics may know that it is not done without intent."

To this the critics may reply that it is always a mistake to underestimate the intelligence of the reading public; that an error by being posted does not become less an error, and that, if made with intent, it merely changes to an error of judgment. A discursive style is not the style for matter from which the element of personality is properly excluded. One is not concerned, in reading a volume on the Indians of the Painted Desert, with the personality of the author but with that of the Indians.

It is not an essay in the manner of Montaigne but a descriptive and historical treatise that is to be written, and writing of that nature does not gain in force and clarity by a discursive style.

Mr. James' volume would profit in every department by added "rigidity"—of style, of grammar, of attention to the reader's convenience. It is most exasperating to read "the accompanying photograph of"—whatever object of interest it may be—and then to search vainly for any mark of identification in the list of illustrations or in the legends to the illustrations for the photograph in question; nor does this lapse occur once only. It is an added vexation in a book which treats of a multiplicity of details and does *not* "adhere to the subjects as indicated by the heads of chapters" to find no general index. And what shall the most indulgent critic say to such rhetoric as this?

(p. 11) "From Peach Springs a large meteoric rock was sent to the Smithsonian, and I have one dug out of a hole of its own making in the Zuñi Mountains, *both* of which weigh upwards of a ton." Which—the meteorite and the hole, or the Zuñi Mountains?

(p. 49) "none of its houses are *as* high."

(p. 68) . . . . "one of the keys to the Hopi character is his conservatism."

(p. 142) "Among the respectable members of the tribe" (a polygamous tribe) "if a man discovers that his wife, or any one of *them*" . . . . .

(p. 176) "She arose in anger and for three years refused to speak or meet me." It must indeed have been a strong anger that could impose a silence of three years.

It does not need further examples to prove that a more "rigid" adherence to the elementary rules of grammar would prove, if not more "interesting" certainly more acceptable "to the generality" of Mr. James' readers.

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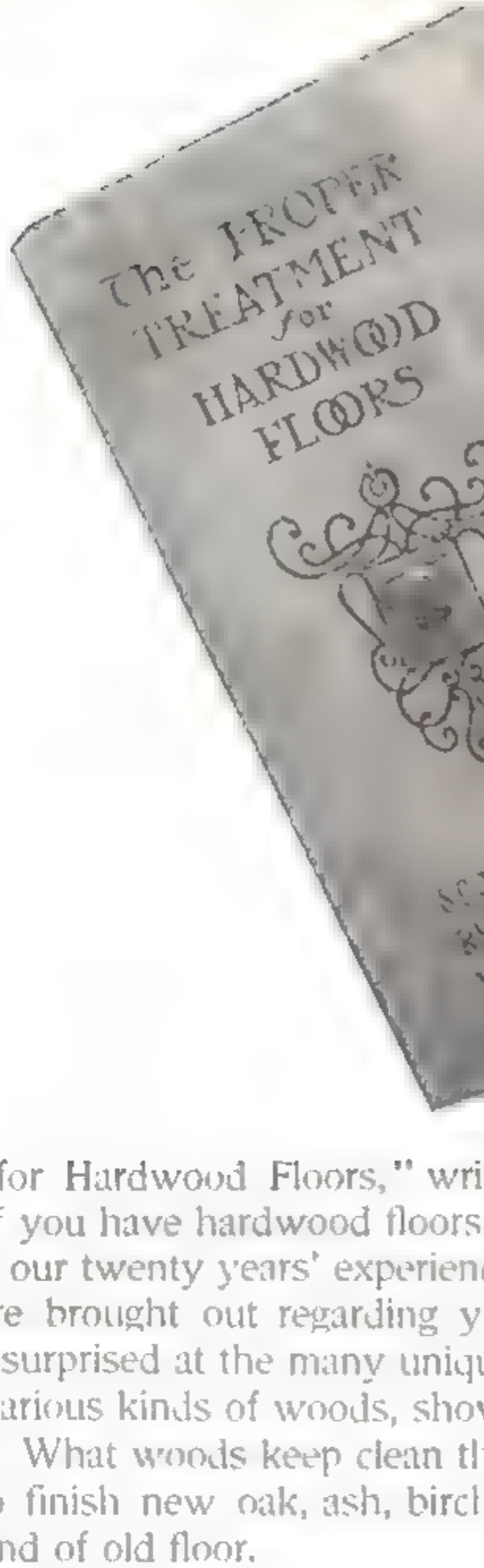

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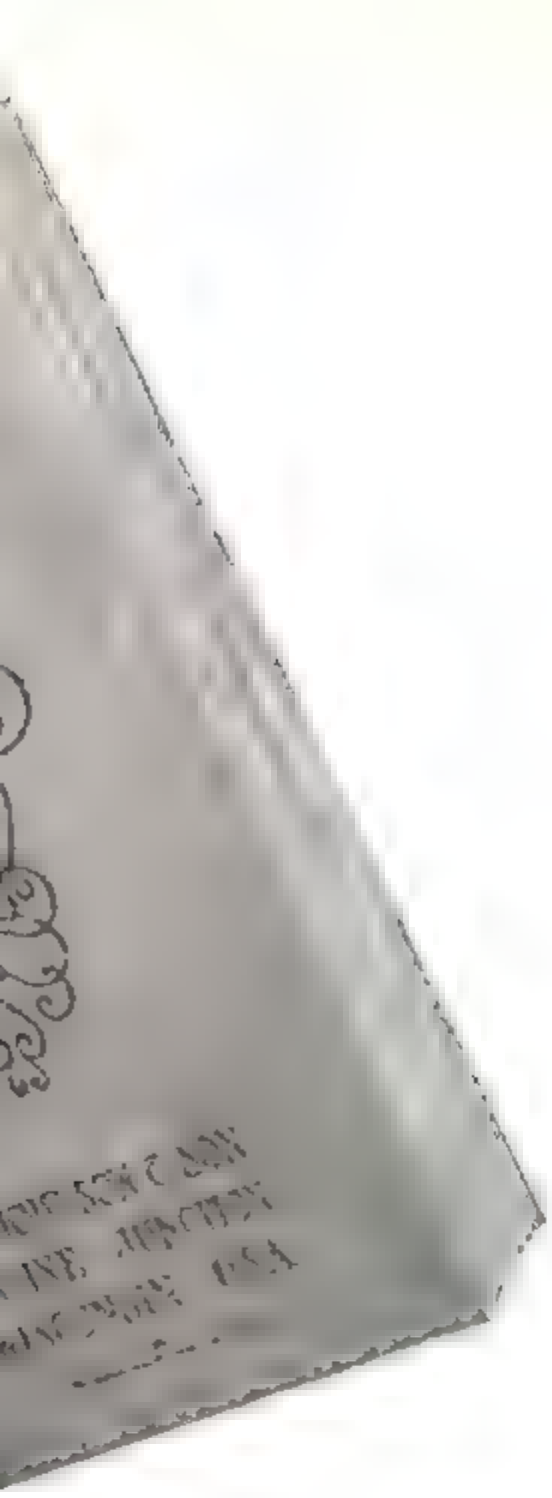

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Mock Pearls* of History

By William Mathews

THE Roman poet, Horace, tells us of a crazy citizen of Argos who fancied that he sat in a theatre, seeing and applauding wonderful tragedies. Having been cured of his disease by a dose of hellebore administered by his friends, he was grieved and indignant instead of being grateful, and——

"'Good friends,' quoth he
'Call you this saving? Why, 'tis murdering me!
Your stupid zeal has spoiled my golden days,
And robbed me of a most delicious craze.'"

Not unlike this must be the feelings of many a man to-day as he is disabused by the myth-killing Niebuhrs and Lewises of one after another of his delightful historical illusions. Year after year the beliefs of our childhood and youth are destroyed by the searching, sifting, skeptical spirit of modern criticism, which seems determined to rob the mind of every opinion, creed or faith that will not bear the test of the severest investigation.

The work of self-culture in our riper years consists mainly in unlearning the things which were once taught us with the sanction of authority; in casting away as worthless the facts which we have taken the most pains to store in the memory; in abandoning as errors the supposed truths which we were once enjoined to cherish as sacred and precious. To many persons this extirpation of deeply rooted beliefs, this dethronement of the heart's idols, is among the most painful trials of their mental experience. Their minds grow dizzy as they recall the history of this destructive criticism, and contemplate the possibility that even the few beliefs to which they still despairingly cling may yet be resolved into shadows.

Let us recall some of the events and sayings of "the olden time," once universally accredited, but now declared to be myths. Among the most familiar are the story that Xerxes invaded Greece with an army of five millions, which drank whole rivers dry; that three hundred Spartans checked his career for three days at Thermopylæ, when, in fact, with them were two thousand other Greeks and many Helots; that Omar burned up the Alexandrian library, and that the Russians burned Moscow on the approach of Napoleon, instead of a part of its suburbs only. Not only is the touching story of St. Pierre and his companions delivering up the keys of Calais to Edward III. with halters around their necks—which we used to read with painful interest in our schoolbooks—now branded as fictitious, together with the affecting account of the parting of Louis XVI with his family just before his execution; not only has the beautiful chivalry of the French and English soldiers, on the eve of the fierce fight at Fontenoy, been shown to be mere chaffing, but the daring address of Mirabeau in the National Assembly to the minister of the King has been utterly discredited, and the thrilling tale of the French warship, Le Vengeur, going down with her colors flying and her crew shouting "*Vive la Republique!*" after she had been riddled by the English in a sea-fight, has been proved to be a pure myth. The simple fact was that her crew shrieked for help, and many were rescued by her captors.

Again, the incident, so often cited by public speakers, of Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon, with the comment thereon, and his exclamation, "*Et tu, Brute!*" as he received the stab of one of the conspirators, have both been exploded. The story of Charles IX firing upon the Huguenots with an arquebus, from the window of the Louvre, during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, has been pronounced a pure invention, as have been many of the reported incidents at the battle of Waterloo—such as that Wellington, as asserted by Lamartine, had six horses killed under him when he actually rode but one, Copenhagen, that died in England many years later; his exclamation, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and the bravado of the captain of the Imperial Guard: "*Le garde meurt, et ne se rend pas!*" Even Newton's apple, his dog Diamond, that elicited the calm observation when he destroyed the philosopher's

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—"The Mock Pearls of History" is a happy phrase coined by the late brilliant reviewer, Abraham Hayward, and used by him in an article in the Quarterly Review of April, 1861, to denote the noble deeds and felicitous epigrammatic sayings of great men which history has recorded, but which modern research has shown to be purely mythical.

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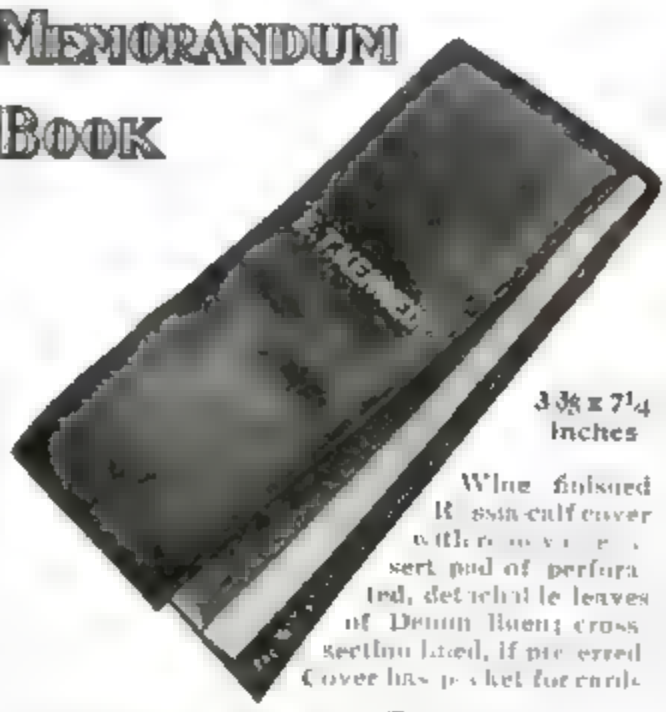

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invaluable papers, and his cat and kitten, with the big hole and the little hole which he cut in the door of his study to let them out—a story that has provoked so many laughs at the great man's expense—have been relegated to the land of dreams. Modern skeptics have deprived Diogenes of his lantern and his tub, Dionysius of his ear, Rhodes of its Colossus, Portia of the burning coals she is said to have swallowed, and Æsop and "the crooked back tyrant," Richard III, of their humps—the fact being with regard to the latter, who was but five feet and four inches in height, that one of his shoulders was a little higher than the other, a defect which, by the magnifying glasses of party and the amplifying tendency of tradition, was easily swelled into a shocking deformity

The story of William Tell and the apple is regarded by Dr. John Fiske as older than the Christian era, and has been told of at least half a dozen different patriots in different countries. The incident, which is said to have occurred in 1296, was never heard of until 1482; and a careful search through all the charters of Kussnach affords no evidence that such a person as Gessler, the tyrant ever ruled in Switzerland. With what indignation did many of us in our youth contemplate the portraiture in Jane Porter's Scottish Chiefs of Edward I, the cruel and vindictive invader of Scotland, who beheaded the patriot, William Wallace! Yet Doctor Fiske pronounces this wretch "a man who, for nobility of character, was like our own Washington"

It is hard to tell whether English or French history abounds more in myths, if we accept the judgments of recent historians; but, on the whole, Gallia, we think, merits the palm. How often we hear it asserted that the Abbé Sieyès, when the fate of Louis XVI was put to vote in the National Convention, exclaimed, "*La mort, sans phrase*," and that when asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, replied: "*J'ai vécu!*—I have lived!" Yet the truth of both these statements he is said indignantly to have denied

What reader of French history has not been shocked by the story told of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil? During the massacres of September in the French Revolution it is said that her father was dragged from prison to be murdered by the mob, when she flung herself before him, begging for his life, and crying out that he was a friend of the people. "If that be so," said one of the mob, "let us see you drink the blood of an aristocrat;" and, tearing the heart from one of the corpses, he squeezed its contents into a cup, and presented it to her. The heroic girl drank them off, and saved her father's life. The real facts, it is now said, were that the beauty, courage and devotion of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil completely disarmed the murderous gang, and, when she fainted, one of them offered her a glass of water, and a drop from his bloody hand fell into the cup—whence the dreadful story repeated by historian after historian. Who has not laughed at the story told of the historian Gibbon by Madame de Genlis? "Help Mr. Gibbon up!" she says, was the order given when a corpulent habit and gout made it impossible for him to rise, after an unsuccessful proposal of marriage on bended knee. This story, after amusing four generations, is branded as fiction

It is hard to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that an attempt has been made recently to rob Doctor Franklin of his lightning-rod, and to give the credit of his discoveries regarding electricity to the Premonstratensian father, Procopius Divwisch, of Prenditz in Bohemia. It is even claimed that this parish priest had, as early as 1750, printed a pamphlet on the subject, and that on June 15, 1751, he set up the first conductor on his own house in that town. Again, certain German critics are expressing doubts about the authenticity of the noble sentiment attributed to the Emperor, Charles V; "I do not wage war with the dead, but with the living"—a saying provoked by Alba's petition for leave to dig up Luther's corpse, burn it, and throw the ashes into the Elbe

What reader of Robertson's History of Charles V has ever forgotten the memorable exclamation said to have been drawn from Charles by the difficulty which he found, after his abdication and retirement to the convent of Yuste, in adjusting his numerous clocks and watches to one standard? "How absurd it was in me," he is reported to have said, "to attempt to make men believe in the same theological doctrines, when I cannot make even two of my timepieces keep the same time!" But not only is this sentiment contradicted by sentiments that were uttered by him at Yuste again and again, but in the codicil of his will he conjured his son Philip

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to employ the Holy Inquisition to bring to justice every heretic in his dominions, without mercy or exception. "He was a bigot and a fanatic," says the historian Prescott, "to the very end." The same fate which has visited these once universally accepted sayings of the unrelenting foe of Protestantism has befallen the legend of Ziska, the Hussite hero, bequeathing his skin to his soldiers, to be made into a drumhead to terrify his enemies—which has been placed by a learned German, Palacky, in his history of Bohemia in the same category with the fiction of William Tell.

It is now some twenty-four years since we were all startled by the proofs adduced by Karl Von Gebber that the so-called martyr of science, "the starry Galileo," was no martyr, nor even a confessor—that the story of his imprisonment in Rome and blindness, of the hair-shirt in which he made his humiliating recantation, the fetters, and the dungeon of the Inquisition, as well as the whispered *E pur si muove*—"It moves, nevertheless"—was the myth of an uncritical and superstitious age. The story carries the evidence of its absurdity on its very face, for any man with the smallest critical insight must see that Galileo on his knees before the Holy Office in Rome would scarcely have ventured, even in a stage whisper, on such a defiance of his judges as his fabled saying implied. As the astronomer of the Duke of Tuscany, and protected by Florence, he was not required to go to Rome at all. But a strange fascination drew him there, and he deliberately challenged authority and courted persecution, but had not courage to face it when it came. Instead of being imprisoned in a dungeon of the Inquisition, where his eyes were put out, as the old myth has it, he was detained after his ignoble recantation in a nominal captivity in the palace of the Inquisition, and finally retired in excellent health to Siena, where he died, with the benediction of Pope Urban VIII, in 1648—the year of Newton's birth—at the age of seventy-eight. It was fortunate for the world, if unfortunate for his reputation for moral greatness, that Galileo did not perish as "a martyr of science," for it was after the famous trial that he gave to the world his immortal "Dialoghi delle Nuove Scienze."

Did Madame Roland ever utter the exclamation attributed to her, "O Liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name"? or did she say, as we are now told, "O Liberty! how have they tricked you"? Did the mock funeral of Charles V. which Robertson records, really take place at Yuste? Can any one believe, on the authority of Leti's Life of Charles alone, that the monarch lay shrouded in simulated death in his coffin, while prayers were offered up by the monks for the repose of his soul? Historical critics to-day reject the story as incredible. Had an event so extraordinary, so trying to a feeble invalid, really occurred, Quixada, his faithful major-domo, they say, was not the man to remain silent about it. No fear of the Church would have prevented his growling about it, if he believed the rite caused his master's illness the next day, and shortened his life. To this story about the Emperor Charles we may add that of Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, and that of Thomas à Becket's mother traveling on foot from the Holy Land with the one word "London" on her tongue—all of which modern critics discredit.

And now, as if all this were not enough, comes along Mr. Justin Winsor, and dethrones one of the chief historical worthies of the fifteenth century—one whose place in our pantheon seemed to be absolutely assured, to whose honor statues have been raised in the Old World and the New—Christopher Columbus. His success in discovering America was due to a geographical error, the blunder of a voyage; he was incompetent, it seems, either to win men or to control them, insatiate in his craving for wealth and place, false and indiscreet, and, finally, "a follower of miraculous inspirations, for which there is no plea but insanity." He established the slave-trade in America, and sought to cheat the devil of heathen souls by sending cargoes of slaves to Spain. King Ferdinand was a bigot and a political juggler, and his Queen, Isabella, a commonplace, deceitful, hypocritical woman, was worthy of him. The story of her crown-jewels is probably a myth, and Columbus's egg a fiction.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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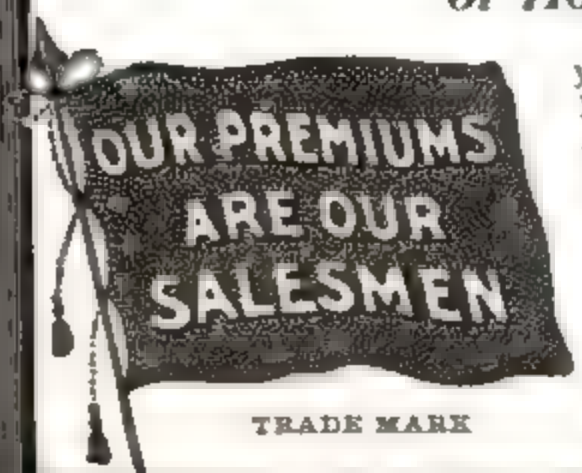

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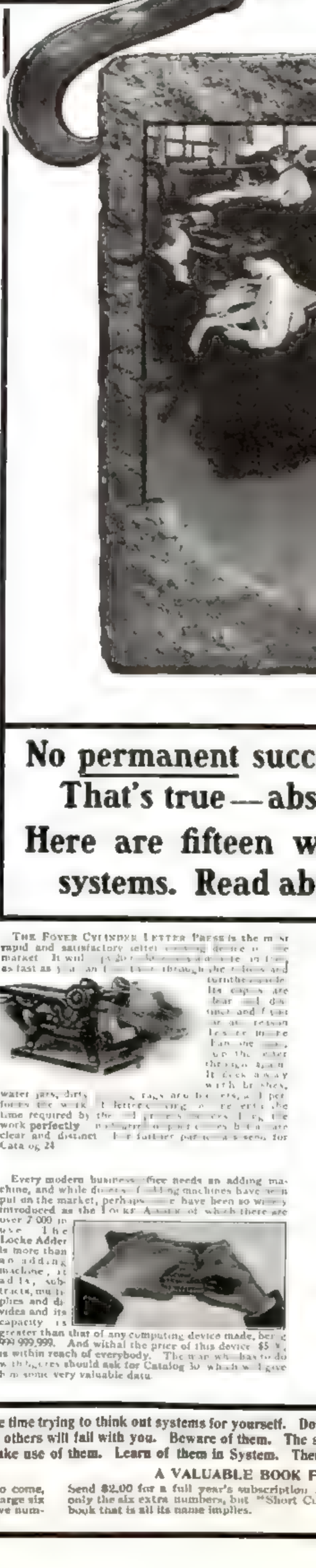

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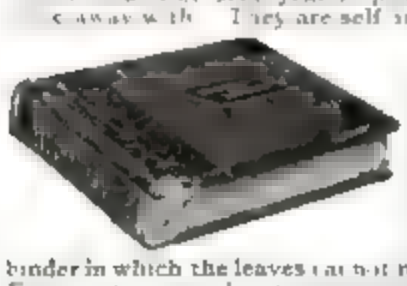

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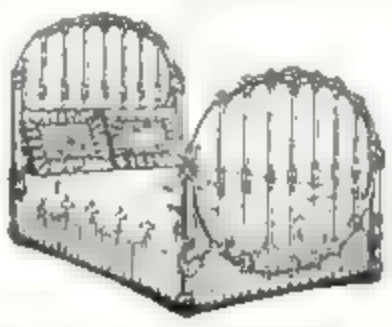

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The Home Study of Science

ASTRONOMY

By C. A. Young, Ph. D.

Professor of Astronomy at Princeton University

THE Moon has an enormous literature, but we presume that very few of our readers are contemplating an attack on the lunar theory—upon which probably more labor has been expended, and that of the highest order, than upon any other subject in the whole range of Astronomy. As to our satellite herself we have the exhaustive, but rather dry, book of Nelson, the beautifully-illustrated volume of Nasmyth and Carpenter, the more recent book of the late T. G. Elger; also excellent chapters in Sir Robert Ball's Story of the Heavens, and Newcomb's Popular Astronomy, besides others more or less extensive in every textbook

For one who has at his disposal even nothing more than a spy-glass the Moon is a most beautiful object, and for a small telescope it is one of inexhaustible interest Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes *(Longmans, New York)* is an invaluable companion for such an instrument.

To many the Sun will doubtless appear the most interesting of all the celestial bodies, and there is abundant material for its study. Of works exclusively devoted to this subject we have in English the late R A Proctor's interesting book, Sir Robert Ball's Story of the Sun, and the writer's The Sun (*D. Appleton & Co.*). In French there is Secchi's Le Soleil, in two magnificent volumes (also published in German)

Then in almost all books dealing with Astronomy in general, whether popular or purely academic, there are chapters more or less exhaustive devoted to the subject; among them we may mention specially the chapter in Ball's Story of the Heavens, already referred to, and the first three chapters of Langley's New Astronomy. Much collateral reading will also suggest itself in connection with the spectroscopic study of the Sun: some will like to take up such a book as Roscoe's Lectures on Spectrum Analysis, which, if a little old and so not quite representative of the present state of science, brings out the fundamental principles in a very clear and popular manner The same is true of Schellen's Spectrum Analysis. Frost's translation of Scheiner's Astronomical Spectroscopy is at present the standard work, but is a little too mathematical and technical to be exactly popular

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Very little can be done in the way of observing solar phenomena except with instruments of considerable power; but with a mere spy-glass or field-glass, the eye being protected with a proper eye-screen, it is often possible to see spots on the surface of the sun, and watch their motion from day to day.

As to solar eclipses Mrs. Todd's little book, Total Eclipses of the Sun, is the best for popular reading, though, of course, all astronomical textbooks have chapters more or less extensive

Perhaps a word should be said as to the tides, caused as they are by the coöperation of the Moon and Sun. Ball's Time and Tide, and Darwin's Lowell Lectures, The Tides *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, give an excellent account of the matter and of the way in which the tides operate in tidal evolution

For information about the planets one must rely mainly upon the chapters relating to them in the books already referred to Saturn, however, has a volume to itself, by R. A. Proctor. Mars also has at least two, one American, by Percival Lowell, and another by Flammarion (in French). But the reader must be warned that many of the views expressed in them are not yet universally, nor even generally, accepted by astronomers.

In this connection readers will find interesting, and perhaps profitable, some of the books upon the Plurality of Worlds. Some of them, as, for instance, those of Brewster and Whewell, carry this title, while Proctor's volume on the subject is entitled Other Worlds than Ours.

Editor's Note—This is the concluding installment of the second paper on the Home Study of Science.

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Most of the planets offer nothing interesting to a telescope of less than three inches diameter; but this is not true of Jupiter, which is a very pretty object in a spy-glass or even in a high power field-glass. The four Galilean satellites are easily visible, and their motion can be watched from night to night. The new fifth satellite, discovered by Barnard in 1892, is, of course, entirely beyond their reach

The subject of Comets and Meteors is a very interesting one. Probably the reader will be satisfied with what he finds in the books already named; but there are others specially devoted to them, although most of them date back a good many years. The late Professor Kirkwood's little books, Meteors and Comets and Meteoric Astronomy (*J. Appleton & Co.*), if still in print, are well worth reading Very recently an important step, of which the account can as yet be found only in scientific periodicals, has been taken toward a satisfactory explanation of the strange phenomena of comets' tails and the solar corona: I refer to the experimental demonstration of the repulsive force of light waves upon minute particles of matter. More than twenty-five years ago Clerk-Maxwell predicted it as a theoretical consequence of his electro-magnetic theory of light, now almost universally accepted, but it is only within a few months that our apparatus has become delicate enough to detect it. A minute particle of, say, one one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter is acted on by sunlight with a force greatly exceeding its gravitational attraction by the sun, and is driven away with a continually accelerated velocity which has its limit only in the speed of light itself

The subject of Meteors has a special interest for amateurs, because it is quite possible for one well acquainted with the constellations, and possessing a good star atlas, to make observations of high scientific value without any instruments

A Science that Repays Study

As for the Stellar Universe, the limits of our space prevent any adequate treatment of the immense subject. We can only say that besides the chapters in the books thus far recommended the reader will find in Miss Clerke's System of the Stars, and in Professor Newcomb's new work The Stars (published by *G. P. Putnam & Sons*), pretty much all that could be desired as exhibiting the present state of our knowledge. It may be added, that in the study of the brighter variable stars the amateur, without any instrument or with only an opera-glass, can do valuable work. The two last temporary stars, bright enough to permit of satisfactory spectroscopic observation (Nova Aurigæ of 1892 and Nova Persei of 1901), were both of them discovered by Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow, with the unaided eye; and at the last annual meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain he was awarded a medal and a prize for his discoveries

Besides the books that have been mentioned there are numerous others of a general and popular character which will be found interesting and valuable after one has come to such a knowledge of the science as will protect him from being misled by views and statements which have been shown to be incorrect by later research. The works of Dick, Nicol and Mitchel, which deservedly enjoyed great popularity some sixty years ago, belong to this class: Mitchel's lectures are specially admirable for the eloquent and fascinating manner in which they present the views then current, and they still justly hold a place in every library of popular astronomy

In closing, we can assure our readers that any home student of Astronomy will find the pursuit delightful: the universe will seem to him to grow more vast, and he himself will grow and broaden with it. The ancient heavens will shine with new glories and the earth will partake of the celestial character

If he "makes no money" by the study, he will gain something better in the development of his manhood and his recognition of its kinship to the Divine

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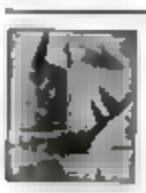

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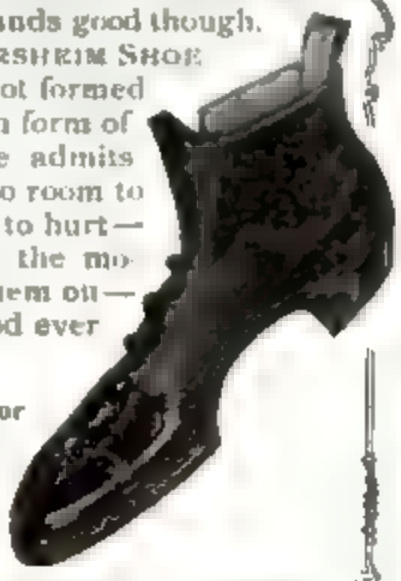

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MISS MARR'S LOVERS

(Continued from Page 7

that Miss Marr with difficulty made out the worn inscription. "Henry Marshall," she read aloud, "Born 1745—Died 1774. He died for his country."

"He was very young, wasn't he?" Miss Marr said

"Very," answered Marshall, "but I think he chose a pretty good way to found a name, in a new land at that. It was probably better than if he had lived, for he set a mark for his family to live up to and left a lot undone for the rest of us to do for him."

"And have they done it?" asked Miss Marr.

Marshall looked at the old slab and then at Miss Marr and smiled. "Pretty well, I think," he said. "The Marshalls have always been judges or statesmen or people of distinction. Some of them have drunk a little too much port, but they were what you would call prominent citizens, and I don't think any of them ever held that his country owed him a living. They usually managed to do something before they died to show an excuse for their living. It's a fine thing, this love of one's country and one's state, and I don't think the country or state is very often ungrateful; do you?"

Miss Marr smiled. "I never thought of it," she said.

"I know what you are thinking about," he said. "You are thinking it never did very much for me. Well, I never gave it much of a chance. I did what I could. I went to fight the Spaniards and I spent three months in a God-forsaken, mosquito-ridden camp three thousand miles from the nearest Spaniard, and all I got were some very bad rations and an attack of fever. Then I went back to the railroad office. I can't say that my efforts called forth any particular recognition, but I'm willing to wait."

"How long," said Miss Marr—"how long, Harry, are you willing to wait? Are you so sure the chance is coming to you? Do you believe it came to all of your people? Don't you believe they went out to meet it half way, anyhow?"

Marshall looked up at the girl and then turned his face away again.

"Why," he said. "Do you care?"

"I never knew," she said, "how much I cared until—until lately."

"I came down here," he said, "to say good-by to you. Oh, I know how things have been. I don't blame you. If it had been one of the men we all knew it would have been different. You know how I would have cared, but at least you would have still been among us and one of us. But now it is really a case of good-by."

"And you are willing," she said, "to go back to the old work and the old lazy life and only say 'good-by.' The man who was buried under that stone over there wouldn't have done that. If he was willing to die for his country you may be quite sure that he was willing to work and win, to live for the woman he loved. When I go to the races I back a horse with a pedigree, but I've seen many a thoroughbred in the stretch when he heard the hoofs of a cart-horse behind him lose heart and the race, too. I tell you, Harry, times have changed in this country. The cart-horse is a factor to-day in our life, and he has the grit and the stamina that the thoroughbred is losing."

"And then you mean to say," asked Marshall, "that the grave over there stands for nothing?"

"I mean," said the girl, "that it does stand for something. Whatever it stood for before the Civil War I don't know—I wasn't born then. But to-day I know it stands for an inspiration, not an excuse."

A few hours later Miss Marr came down to say "Good-by" to Marshall, who was leaving on the night train. It was at the hour when the guests were dressing for dinner and the piazza was quite deserted. As she reached the door leading to the porch she looked out and saw Loudon crossing the lawn followed by a servant carrying his valises. He ran up the steps and came over to her

"I'm very glad to have caught you," he said. "I'm going away."

"Isn't it very sudden, and aren't you coming back?" she asked.

"It is—sudden, and I am coming back some day," he said. "Perhaps not here, but wherever you happen to be."

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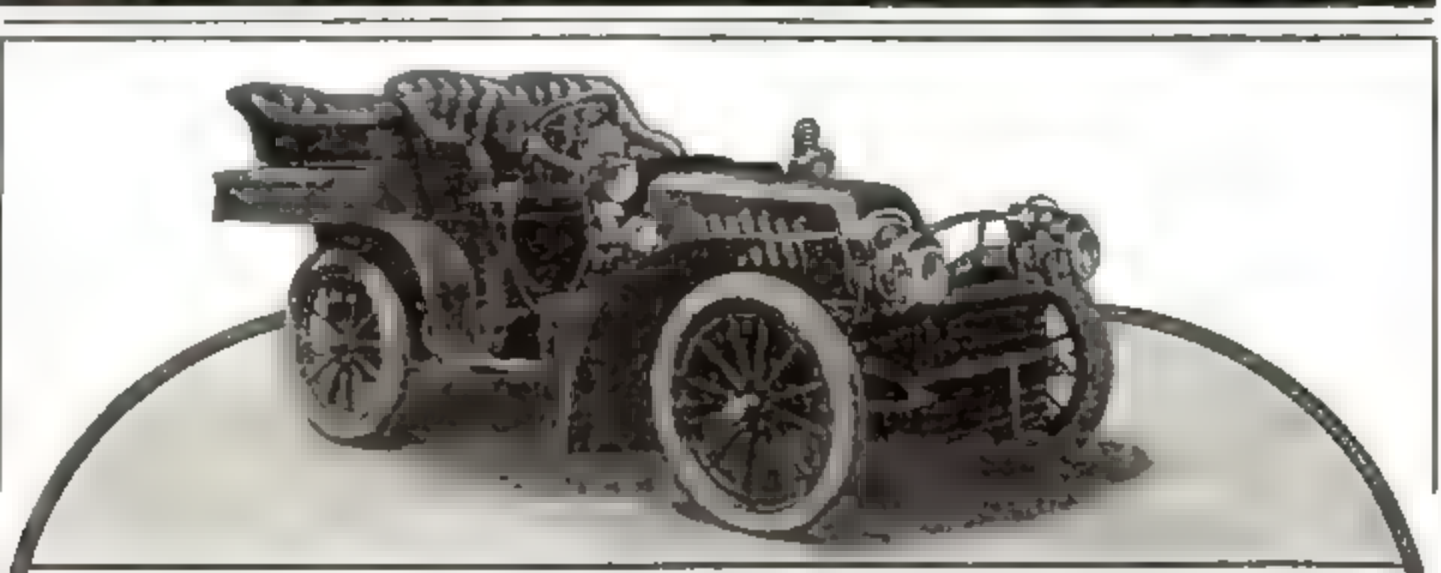

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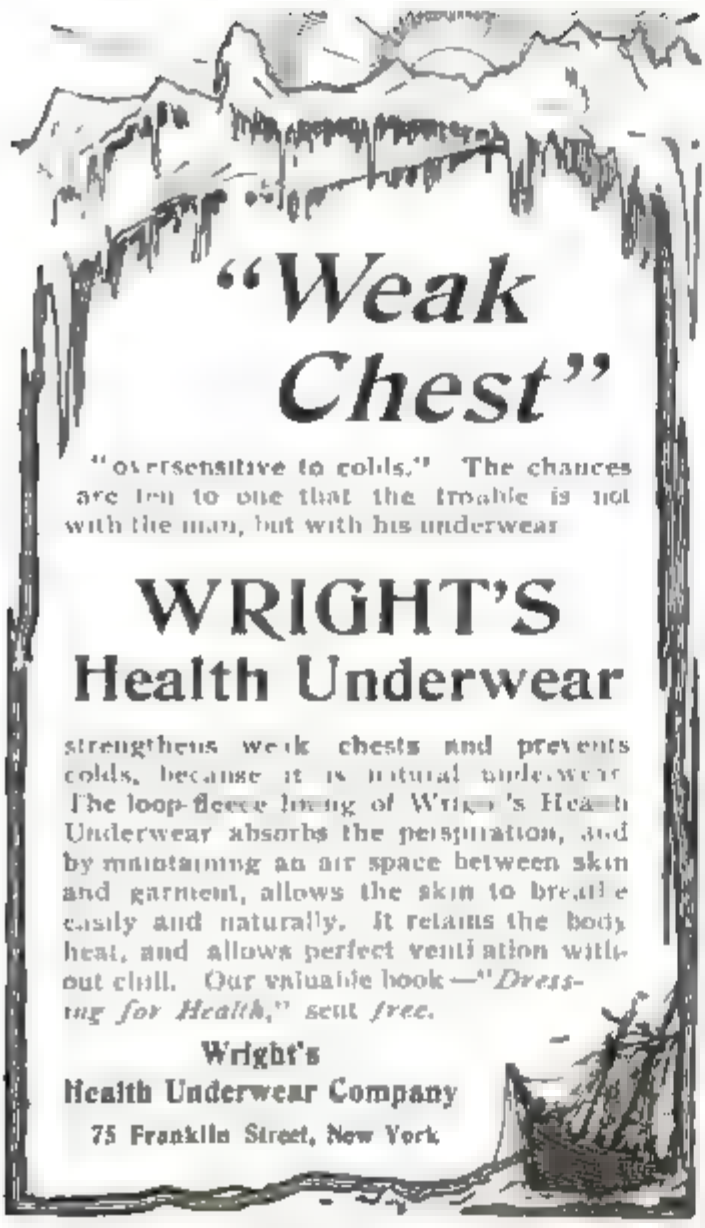

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last spoken to him it seemed as if he had grown several years younger. The quiet, restful demeanor was gone now, and in its place there was a wonderful air of independence and bravado, of which she had heretofore seen only a trace. That was when on their long drives he had talked of his life as a broker and his great successes

"It seems," he said, "from what my partners say that my enemies have taken advantage of my absence and have been pounding some of my stocks. I should have received this telegram last night but it was delayed. It was unfortunate. A few hours count so much at a time like this."

"Is it very bad?" she asked

"They tell me I'm cleaned out. Everything."

"And you're going back to fight?"

"Oh, yes," he said smiling. "They can't lick me. I can draw on men I know for millions. They back brains up there and I've got brains. To-morrow every newspaper in New York will announce my return, and in six months the same dogs who have whipped me now will be whimpering around my feet. It's all a game, and I know the game."

An old colored servant came up and said that the carriage was ready to start for the station.

Loudon took a roll of bills out of his pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar note and handed it to the old man.

"This is twenty dollars, Mr. Loudon," said the servant.

"I know it," he answered.

Then he turned to Miss Marr. "I'm broke now," he said, "but when I'm on my feet again and put those cheap pikers where they belong I'm coming to see you. I'll have something to say to you then, and something I hope to offer you. I couldn't say it before and can't offer it to you now. You see, it was all so new to me. I was just finding myself, or rather, you were doing it for me. I want to repay you for the discovery." Loudon took off his hat and held out his hand. Miss Marr had her hands clasped behind her and she kept them there, but she looked full into the eyes of the man who had in his own way told her for the first time that he loved her.

"I know I've only a minute to say what I have to say to you, Mr. Loudon," the girl said, "but perhaps it is just as well to have it that way. You see, Mr. Marshall and I had a talk over there in the graveyard, and on the way back—well, we came to a sort of understanding. You'll find women are pretty much all the same, I'm afraid, and their common weakness is about the only excuse I have to offer for your forgiveness." Loudon raised his hand in protest but Miss Marr hurried on.

"Yes, forgiveness," she said. "We all like to stray after new gods at times; the very best of us do. But you'll find that we generally come back, if we have the chance, to the man we first really cared for. Any woman may wander just as long and just as far as she likes, but I don't think she ever gets quite over her love for her home and the girl she played with at school. It's the same kind of love that brings the sensible girl back to the man she marries, Mr. Loudon. You live in a great, big world up North there, and if I have made its possibilities any greater for you, as you say I have, I'm mighty proud of it. There's a woman up there who understands your kind of life. I don't know exactly who she is, but she's there all right, and she'll fill the niche much better than one of us down here would have done."

Miss Marr held out her hand. "And so here is wishing you luck," she said. "And when you have found her let me know all about it, and that would be a fine time for you to come and see—us."

Loudon took the outstretched hand and bowed with an air of great deference.

"I thank you," he said. He turned and walked a short distance up the piazza. Then he stopped for a moment and retraced his steps. When he reached Miss Marr he stood turning his hat confusedly in both hands.

"I see," he said hesitatingly, "that Mr. Marshall is going up on the train with me. I should be very glad if you would give me an introduction to him. You see, I'm pretty thick with some of those railroad guys, and I thought that when I got on my feet again we might—well, we might get Harry out of that counting the punched ticket game."

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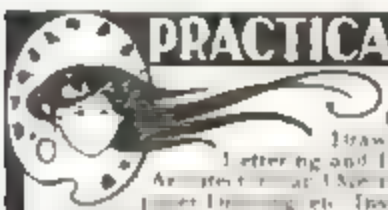

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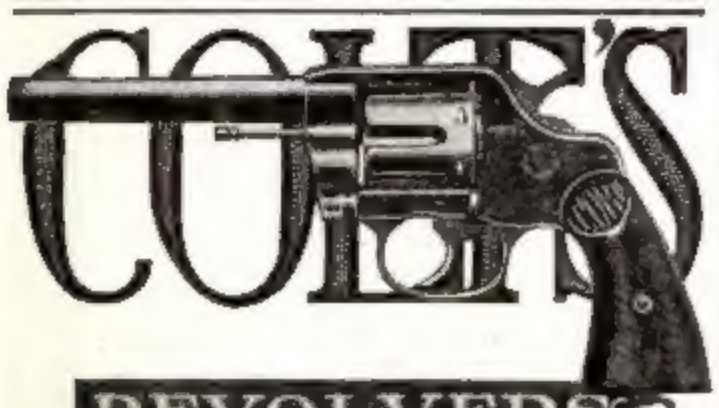

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THE BOSS

(*Continued from Page 13*)

th' level! I've expected to hear of him bein' croaked any time this twelve months. Th' best I looked for was that th' trick wouldn't come off in my precinct. He carries a wad in his pocket, an' he sports a streak of gilt with a thousand-dollar rock on one of his hooks; an' I could put you next to a hundred blokes, not half a mile from here, who'd do him up for half th' price. That's straight! Billy Van Flange, considerin' th' indoocements he hangs out an' th' way he lays himself wide open to th' play, is lucky to be alive.

"Now, why is he alive, Madam? It is due to them very gamblin' ducks in Barclay Street. Not that they love him; but once them skin gamblers gets a sucker on th' string they protect him same as a farmer does his sheep. They look on him as money in th' bank; an' so they naturally see to it that no one puts his light out.

"That's how it stands, Madam!" And now Gothecore made ready to bring his observations to a close.

"This Billy Van Flange, like every other rounder, has his hang-outs. His is this deadfall in Barclay Street, with that hash-house keeper to give him th' dough for his checks. Now, I'll tell you what I think. While he sticks to th' Barclay Street mob he's safe. You'll get him back each time. They'll take his stuff; but they'll leave him his life, an' that's more than many would do. Say th' word, however, an' I can put th' damper on. I can fix it so Billy Van Flange can't gamble nor cash checks in Barclay Street. They'll throw him out th' minute he sticks his nut in th' door. But I'll put you wise to it, Madam: if I do, inside of ninety days you'll fish him out o' th' river; you will, as sure as I'm a foot high."

The face of the Widow Van Flange was pale as paper now and her bosom rose and fell with new terrors for her son. The words of Gothecore seemed prophetic of the passing of the last Van Flange.

"Madam," said Gothecore, following a pause, "I've put it up to you. Give me your orders. Say th' word, an' I'll have th' screws on that Barclay Street joint as fast as I can get back to my station-house."

"But if we keep him from going there," said the Widow Van Flange with a sort of hectic eagerness, "he'll find another place, won't he?" There was a curious look in the eyes of the Widow Van Flange. Her hand was pressed upon her bosom as though to smother a pang; her handkerchief went constantly to her lips. "He would seek worse resorts, perhaps?"

"It's a cinch, Madam!"

"And he'd be murdered?"

"Madam, it's apples to ashes!"

At this brutal reply the widow shrank as though struck by a blow in the face, then, composure recovered, she thanked me and went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Perspective

By Edwin L. Sabin

Yo' look fah down
'Long de railroad track,
An' yo' scratch yo' crown
An' yo' brains yo' tack;
"By gum!" yo' say,
"How de train done gwine
To make her way
Whah de two rails jine!"

On flies de train—
Foh it don't appeah
To bodder de brain
Ob de engineah;
An' yo' sho' to find
Wif de neahuh sight
Dat de rails *ain't jined*,
An' de track's all right!

Des so we-all
In de futah fah
See de path get small—
"How we gwine pass dah?"
But we 'proach de place,
An' it widuh seem
An' we find dah's space
Foh a ten-mule team!

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ONE SEWING MACHINE FREE
FOUR Sewing Machines ½ COST
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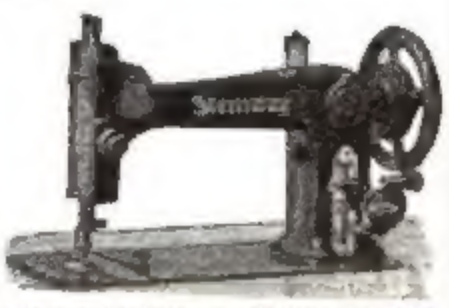
The NAME of This High Grade Sewing Machine

Young's "Steinway"

CONTAINS

14 LETTERS



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The **four** persons sending the next greatest number of words may each select and have any sewing machine *out of our 35 styles* shown in catalogue, at ½ the Factory price or ½ agent's cost. The next **ten** persons sending the greatest number of words may each have one of these machines at ⅔ of the Factory price to agents. The same quality machines are selling from $45.00 to $65.00. But under the terms and conditions offered here, those at ½ cost will figure $9.00 to $12.25; at ⅔ cost from $12.00 to $16.33. **IN ADDITION** the next **one hundred** persons sending the greatest list of words will each receive a "Certificate of Merit" entitling them to a rebate of **$2.00** below the **"factory prices"** to agents. All contestants will receive some reward for their effort. Write for particulars.

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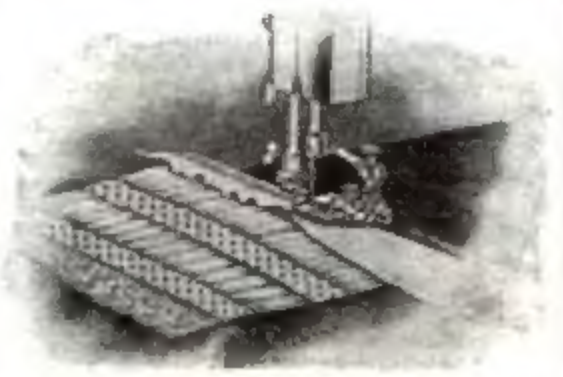

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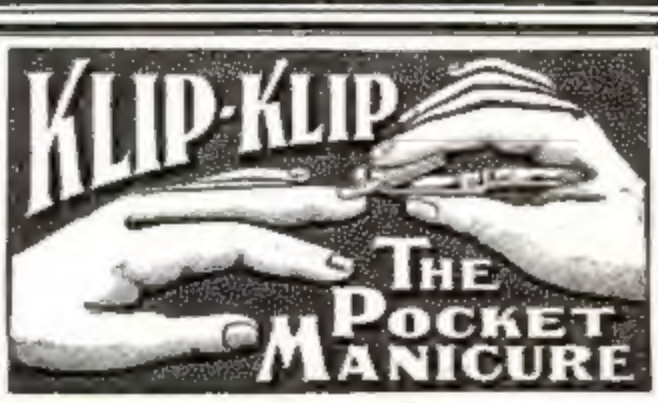

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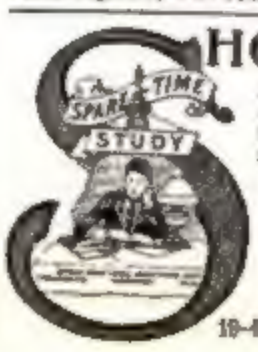

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